

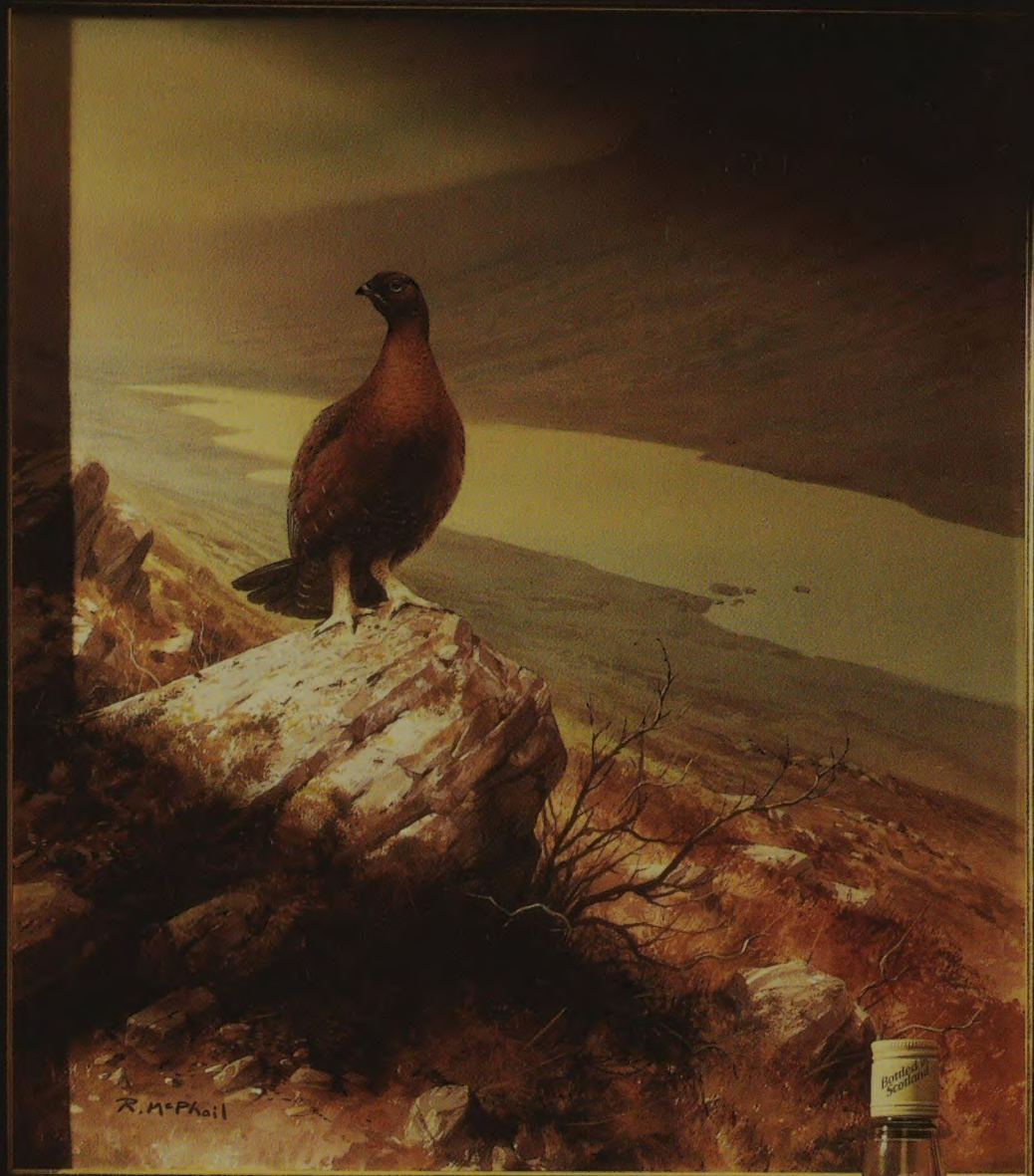
AUTUMN 1989

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THE ILLUSTRATED

LONDON NEWS





THE FAMOUS GROUSE
COUNTRY OF ORIGIN - SCOTLAND NOTED FOR
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BEST OF AUTUMN

Guide to events for the coming months

CORRECTION

The photographs of the Trinidad Carnival
featured in the summer issue of *ILN* were taken
by John Hill, and not as stated.



The Mercedes-Benz 560SEL 0-62 mph in 6.9 seconds. Top speed 156 mph. (Manufacturer's figures.)

You don't have to be a VIP to travel S-class

Consider for a moment why diplomats and company directors the world over choose to travel S-class. Perhaps it's because the Mercedes-Benz flagship conveys presence without courting ostentation. Its styling complements the demeanour of those who

the Group C car which won Le Mans this year. You'll find both the six-cylinder and V8 S-class engines are of similar mettle, if not the same metal.

The 560SEL delivers 300bhp and a 0-60mph acceleration figure of well under 7.0 seconds.

have nothing to prove.

THE FINEST CAR IN WHICH TO BE DRIVEN

The S-class provides unsurpassed passenger comfort. The SEL (longer wheelbase) versions are discreet limousines

yet offer an enormous range of convenience and performance options, from a refrigerator in the boot to a suspension system that, at higher speeds, lowers the car's ride height to improve stability. Front and rear seats can be electrically adjusted (the former have memories that in the driver's case is linked to the steering column position). And rear-seat passengers in an SEL have their own reading lights, foot rests, magazine holders and heating and ventilation control.

Here is one of the very few cars in the world in which serious work is possible while you're sitting in city traffic, or cruising at 120mph on a German autobahn.

THE CAR THAT GAVE ITS ENGINE TO THE LE MANS WINNER

There can be no more emphatic measure

of the strength of the light-alloy S-class V8 cylinder block than that it now does service as the heart of

S-CLASS STANDARD EQUIPMENT

300SE & 420SE (STD. WHEELBASE)

ABS anti locking braking system - Automatic front seat belt tensioners - Automatic transmission - Electric sunroof (optional) - Electric windows - Electrically adjustable steering column - Electrically operated nearside mirror - Exit lights in doors - First aid kit - Front seat height adjusters - Headlamp wash/wipe - Heated door mirrors - Leather covered steering wheel and gearshift - Multipoint central locking - Outside temperature gauge - Power assisted steering - Rear head restraints - Recirculating air facility - Tinted glass - Twin illuminated vanity mirrors - Walnut fascia

ADDITIONAL WITH 500SE

Leather or velour upholstery - Cruise control - Electric front seats - Electric aerial - Limited slip differential - Rear reading lights - Rear shelf speakers - Metallic paint

300SEL & 420SEL (LONG WHEELBASE)

As for 300SE and 420SE plus: Cigar lighters in rear ashtrays - Rear foot rests - Electric aerial - Rear reading lights - Rear shelf speakers

ADDITIONAL TO ABOVE WITH 500SEL
Air conditioning - Leather or velour upholstery - Cruise control - Electric front seats - Limited slip differential - Metallic paint

ADDITIONAL TO ABOVE WITH 560SEL
Alloy wheels - Electronic radio/cassette - Electric solar blind - All seats electric and heated, front with position memory - Self levelling suspension

OPTIONAL EQUIPMENT - ALL MODELS

Acceleration/Decel Control - Orthopaedic seats - Airbag - Refrigerator in boot - Rear door and window curtains - Theft warning device

The other six models in the flagship range, from the 300SE to the 500SEL, while offering comparable opulence, handling brio and prestige, give away only a little in outright performance.

NOTHING TAKES PRIORITY OVER SAFETY

Safety engineering has been fundamental to Mercedes-Benz design philosophy for more than 50 years. Mercedes-Benz invented the passenger safety cell, for instance; and the airbag and ABS braking also went into production at Mercedes-Benz before being used by any other manufacturer.

Without doubt, there's more to travelling S-class than simply riding in a prestigious limousine. It has a lot to do with innate good sense and discrimination. Travelling S-class means being satisfied with only exceptional standards of comfort, handling, performance, safety and build quality. The best, in other

words. Something, once tried, you won't want to

do without, whether you're a VIP or just a rather successful man in the street.



WINDOW ON THE WORLD

JULY 10

The Secretary of State, Lord Young, announced that proposals put forward by the Monopolies and Mergers Commission in March to break the big brewers' hold on the beer market would not be fully implemented. The MMC had proposed that brewers be allowed to own only 2,000 tied houses each. Lord Young said that those with more than 2,000 tied houses should be required to allow only half of their additional pubs to operate as free houses.

On the first day of a four-day visit to eastern Europe the US President, George Bush, offered Poland a package of economic aid. The next day he and Mrs Bush lunched with Lech Walesa and his wife at their home in Gdansk. On July 12 in Budapest the President unveiled \$36 million aid for Hungary and declared that the Iron Curtain had begun to part.

Tommy Trinder, the Cockney comedian who was also chairman of Fulham Football Club from 1955 to 76, died aged 80.

Mel Blanc, who created voices for some 400 cartoon characters including Bugs Bunny and Tweety Pie, died aged 81.

JULY 11

Laurence Olivier, one of the great actors of the 20th century, died at his West Sussex home aged 82. As a film actor and director he will be best remembered for his screen versions of Shakespeare—*Henry V*, *Hamlet* and *Richard III*. His

most memorable roles on the stage were also Shakespearian, including *Macbeth* and *Othello*. He was director of the Old Vic and the Chichester Festival Theatre and founder director of the National Theatre.

JULY 12

Following an indecisive general election in June, when his Fianna Fail party failed to win a majority, Charles Haughey was re-elected Prime Minister of the Irish Republic by 84 votes to 79, after agreeing a coalition with the right-wing Progressive Democrats. Two of its six members in the Dail were appointed to the Cabinet.

Judy Leden, a 29-year-old from Derbyshire, became the first woman to cross the Channel by hang-glider, completing the flight in 25 minutes.

JULY 13

Some 12,000 coal miners in Siberia went on strike in protest at their level of wages, bad working conditions and lack of food. On July 17 the strike spread to coalfields in the Ukraine.

Two men and one woman were arrested by US federal agents for their alleged involvement in an IRA plot to attack British military targets.

Honda, the Japanese car manufacturer, announced plans to take a 20 per cent holding in Rover, a

The American radar-evading B-2 Stealth bomber takes to the skies.

British Aerospace subsidiary, and invest £300 million in opening a car assembly plant at Swindon.

JULY 14

An economic summit meeting of leaders of the US, Britain, France, Canada, Italy, West Germany and Japan opened in Paris. During two days of meetings they pledged to work to preserve the world environment, to integrate Third World nations into the world economy, to try to keep inflation under control and to set up a task force to prevent the laundering of illicit drug trade profits.

Britain's inflation rate remained unchanged at 8.3 per cent in June, which led the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Nigel Lawson, to suggest that inflation may have peaked.

An alabaster head of Tutankhamen's grandfather, King Amenophis III, was found at the home of Lord Carnarvon, whose grandfather excavated Tutankhamen's tomb in the 1920s.

JULY 16

Smoke billowing from a Soviet nuclear submarine off the coast of Norway was said by Soviet officials to be deliberately emitted as part of a naval exercise.

Herbert von Karajan, the distinguished Austrian conductor, died aged 81. He had resigned from the Berlin Philharmonic, which he had conducted for 30 years, in April.

JULY 17

The executive of the National Union of Railwaymen voted by a narrow majority to reject a revised pay offer of 8.8 per cent and declared that one-day rail strikes would continue. The offer was accepted by the white-collar Transport Salaried Staffs Association and the train-drivers' union, Aslef, but fifth and sixth one-day national rail stoppages took place on July 19 and July 25.

The US B-2 Stealth bomber made its long-delayed maiden flight from an air force base in California. ▶

BATTERING OF BEIRUT

Lebanon seemed to be being ripped apart once again as hopes for the release of the 15 Western hostages held in the Lebanon collapsed once more after Israeli commandos kidnapped Sheikh Abdul Karim Obeid on July 28. The sheikh—a senior figure in the pro-Iranian Shia Muslim militia, Hezbollah—was seized along with two relatives, in a helicopter raid on the village of Jibchit, near Tyre, in south Lebanon. The Israelis hoped his capture would enable them to bargain for the release of three of their servicemen—two soldiers and an airman—kidnapped by the Hezbollah in 1986.

The operation, in which one of the sheikh's neighbours was killed, was condemned both by Iran and by the West. In London the Foreign Office called for the sheikh's release while the Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr Robert Runcie, declared: "Kidnapping is an abominable crime whoever commits it, and when done by a state it is especially abominable."

On July 30 a pro-Iranian group in Beirut, the Organisation of the Oppressed of the World, responded to the Israeli action by threatening to kill American hostage William Higgins within 24 hours unless Abdul Karim was freed. Lieutenant-Colonel Higgins, a member of the United Nations observer force in the Lebanon, had been kidnapped in February, 1988.

The following day it appeared that the terrorists had carried out their threat: they announced that Higgins had been executed and they released a video showing a man, hands and feet bound, dangling from a noose. Although there were doubts over whether Higgins had really been murdered in response to the sheikh's capture—many UN officers believed the American had been killed by his abductors months before—the video provoked outrage in the West and made a mockery of the Israeli plan to win the hostages their freedom.

On the evening following the



REX FEATURES



Beirut was a battleground once more as the war in Lebanon intensified.

release of the Higgins tape, the crisis deepened as another Lebanese group, the Revolutionary Justice Organisation, announced that it would kill a second American hostage, Joseph Cicippio, if Abdul Karim was not freed on August 1. Cicippio, an administrator at the American University in Beirut, had been kidnapped in September, 1986.

For US President George Bush the crisis was the severest test of his seven months in office. His response might influence the fate of the hostages as well as affect his political credibility at home. His two immediate predecessors had both come to grief over the hostage question: President Carter's popularity had slumped irrevocably with his disastrous attempt to rescue Americans held in Tehran in 1980, and President Reagan's reputation was tarnished by the Irangate affair.

As Israel tried in vain to negotiate an exchange of Shia prisoners, including the sheikh, for the Israeli servicemen and the Western hostages, Bush relied on a combination of intense diplomatic pressure and a show of military strength to defuse the crisis.

Twenty-five ships of the US Sixth Fleet were deployed to the eastern Mediterranean and a second task force, led by the aircraft carrier *America*, set sail from the Gulf of Singapore. On the diplomatic side, Bush appealed to a number of Middle Eastern countries, including Saudi Arabia, Jordan and Oman, to use their influence to persuade the Lebanese militia not to kill Cicippio.

These tactics proved successful. On August 1 the Revolutionary Justice Organisation announced that in response to "friendly appeals" it had decided to extend the deadline for Cicippio's threatened execution by 48 hours. Two days later a further four-hour extension was granted and finally the killing was suspended indefinitely.

Cicippio's reprieve was due, in part, to the intervention of Ali Akbar Hashemi Rafsanjani, who was sworn in as Iran's new President on August 3. Representing the more moderate side of Iranian politics in the wake of Ayatollah Khomeini, and apparently keen to improve relations with the West, Rafsanjani was known to have put pressure on the Lebanese kidnappers to spare Cicippio. He sent his older brother, Mahmoud, to Beirut to meet

Hezbollah leaders and warn them that if Cicippio died or if they took any further action without first consulting Tehran, their \$100 million-a-year aid from Iran would be cut.

By August 5 it was clear that the Western hostages were no longer in immediate danger and tension eased considerably. Despite the encouraging noises from Iran, however, hopes that the latest crisis could be transformed into an opportunity for the hostages' early release seemed optimistic. Instead there began a process of diplomacy that was sure to prove protracted.

On August 6 the Revolutionary Justice Organisation offered to exchange Cicippio for Sheikh Abdul Karim Obeid and 450 Arab prisoners—150 Lebanese and 300 Palestinians—held by Israel. But the Israelis rejected the deal, insisting that their three kidnapped servicemen must be part of any exchange. On August 8 the Iranians offered to help free American hostages in the Lebanon if Iranian assets frozen in the US since the fall of the Shah in 1979 were unblocked. The assets, including cash, property and arms, were valued by the Iranians at \$12 billion. But this offer was rejected by the US. While the

Bush administration would rigorously exploit every diplomatic opportunity to free the hostages, it remained strict policy never to pay ransom or enter into any sort of bargain with hostage-takers.

As deals replaced death threats over the hostages, the war in the Lebanon began to intensify, with disastrous consequences for Beirut. On August 10 Syrian troops launched an all-out offensive against General Michel Aoun's Lebanese Christian forces at the strategic Soukh-el-Gharb ridge over the city. For four successive days, until the Syrians were repulsed, shells, rockets and mortar bombs rained down non-stop on both halves of Beirut and on scores of villages surrounding the city. Thousands of civilians were forced to take refuge in basements and underground shelters while the city's hospitals overflowed with casualties. At least 80 people—most of them civilians—were killed during the four-day bombardment, and around 400 were injured. As the artillery duel started up again on August 15, the Pope appealed to the Syrian authorities to stop the shelling which threatened to destroy Beirut. "A process of genocide is being carried out before the eyes of the world," he said.



JULY 18

Church of England proposals to permit the ordination of divorced men who had remarried were voted down in the House of Commons by 51 to 45 in the early hours of the morning. The Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr Runcie, commented that it was "a sad day for relations between Church and Parliament".

Patrick Murray, Donagh O'Kane and Pauline Drums were charged in a Paris court with the organisation of terrorist offences and with being members of a terrorist organisation, the IRA. The three, who came from Northern

Ireland, told the examining magistrate that they were soldiers of the "Irish Republican Army". On the same day in Dublin, Leonard Hardy and Donna Maguire, arrested as they arrived on a ferry from France, were remanded in custody for unlawfully possessing explosives.

JULY 19

The Government's White Paper on law reform revealed that Lord Mackay, the Lord Chancellor, had made some concessions to the critics of his original proposals;

The Austrian conductor Herbert von Karajan died aged 81.

though the main principle of allowing free competition remained intact. Barristers would retain existing rights of audience but solicitors would be able to acquire comparable rights, as well as becoming eligible for appointment as QCs and judges. A "no win no pay" fee system would be introduced, and building societies and banks would be permitted to offer conveyancing.

A United Airlines DC-10 crashed as it made an emergency landing at Sioux City airport, Iowa. At least 110 people were killed.

Saudi Arabian financier Adnan Khashoggi was extradited from Switzerland to the USA to face charges of aiding former President Marcos of the Philippines in illegal property deals.

Mikhail Gorbachev, the Soviet leader, warned that the miners' strikes would bring dire consequences to both the Soviet economy and *perestroika* reforms. "Whether these comrades like it or not," he said, "the current situation could damage everything we are doing." He promised to use all possible reserves on importing consumer goods to solve current urgent problems.

Forest fires ravaged parts of the French Riviera this summer. Firefighters in the Var, top, and above, dressed for battle near Marseilles.

JULY 20

Department of Trade inspectors delivered a highly critical report on the behaviour of National Westminster Bank and its investment branch, County NatWest, in the Blue Arrow takeover of the US Manpower company. Several senior executives were said to have failed in their duty, and NatWest was accused of disregarding its own integrity and propriety. On July 25 the NatWest chairman, Lord Boardman, resigned, together with three executive directors—Terry Green, Charles Green and John Plaistow—who had been specifically mentioned in the DTI report, which was passed to the Serious Fraud Squad. Lord Boardman, formerly Chief Secretary to the Treasury, said he had resigned because he did not believe it right to accept the resignations of three loyal colleagues and stay in office himself.

President Bush announced that Mars would be the target for a manned US space mission in the next century.



JOHN HILLELSON

JULY 21

Ken Dodd, the comedian, was found not guilty of defrauding the Inland Revenue at the close of a 23-day trial at Liverpool Crown Court.

JULY 23

A five-party coalition government, led for the sixth time by Giulio Andreotti, took office in Italy.

Mark Calcavecchia of America won the Open golf championship at Troon after beating the Australians Greg Norman and Wayne Grady in a four-hole play-off after tying on 275 at the end of four rounds.

JULY 24

Mrs Thatcher announced a radical reshuffle of her Cabinet. Two Ministers, Lord Young and George Younger, resigned and two, John Moore and Paul Channon, were sacked. A new Foreign Secretary, John Major, was appointed in place of Sir Geoffrey Howe, who with some reluctance accepted the posts of Lord President of the Council, Leader of the Commons and Deputy Prime Minister. Newcomers to the Cabinet were Chris Patten as Environment Secretary, Peter Brooke as Northern Ireland Secretary, John Gummer as Agriculture Minister and Norman Lamont as Chief Secretary to the Treasury. Other changes included the appointments of Nicholas Ridley to Trade and Industry, Tom King to Defence, John MacGregor to Education, Cecil Parkinson to Transport and Kenneth Baker as Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster and Chairman of the Party.

Sosuke Uno, Prime Minister of Japan, resigned following the poor showing of his Liberal Democratic Party in elections for the Upper House.

JULY 27

Britain's rail dispute ended as the National Union of Railwaymen voted to call off their series of one-day strikes and accept BR's 8.8 per cent pay offer.

A South Korean DC-10 airliner crashed while attempting to land in fog at Tripoli airport in Libya. 78 were killed but 113 escaped, though some with serious injuries.

In the US the House of Representatives Ways and Means Committee approved a temporary increase in the country's borrowing limits to enable federal operations to carry on through the summer.



JOHN HILLELSON

JULY 28

Israeli commandos kidnapped Sheikh Abdul Karim Obeid from the Lebanon, triggering another hostage crisis. See p6.

JULY 30

Foreign Secretary John Major announced that Britain had agreed to resume talks with China on the scheduled handover of Hong Kong in 1997.

Boris Yeltsin, former leader of the Moscow Communist Party, was elected to lead an independent group, known as the "Inter-Regional Group", in the Soviet Congress of People's Deputies.

Hojatoleslam Ali Akbar Hashemi Rafsanjani was confirmed as President of Iran after winning 94.5 per cent of votes cast in the election held on July 28.

Colin Jackson's 13.56-sec win in the 110m hurdles helped Britain's athletes take the European Cup for the first time.



ALLSPORT

JULY 31

The London Weather Centre reported that July was the hottest in the capital since 1928. Thames Water banned hosepipes throughout Greater London.

AUGUST 1

Leaders of the Transport and General Workers' Union called off the national dock strike which had been running for three weeks. Dockers in many ports had already returned to work.

16 English cricketers, most of them Test players and led by the former England captain Mike Gatting, accepted offers to make two tours of South Africa. See p10.

The pianist John Ogdon, one of the most gifted performers of his generation whose career was wrecked by mental illness, died of pneumonia, aged 52.

AUGUST 2

General Czeslaw Kiszczak, former Interior Minister, was

Striking miners in Siberia. President Gorbachev warned that their action could threaten perestroika.

elected Prime Minister of Poland by the Sejm, the lower house of the Polish Parliament.

Thousands of villagers and tourists fled their homes and hotels as forest fires raged through the hills above the French Riviera.

AUGUST 3

A Middle Eastern terrorist was killed in a hotel in Paddington, west London, when a bomb in his possession exploded, destroying two floors of the five-storey building.

AUGUST 4

In his interim report on the Hillsborough stadium tragedy of April 15 in which 95 football fans were crushed to death, Lord Justice Taylor laid most of the blame for the disaster on the South Yorkshire police. He was especially critical of Chief Superintendent David Duckenfield, who was in charge of the police at Hillsborough, accusing him of "lack of experience" and of failing to visit the ground before approving plans for crowd control. Following the report, Mr Duckenfield was suspended on full pay and Peter Wright, the Chief Constable of South Yorkshire, offered to resign. On August 14, however, his resignation was unanimously rejected by his police authority.

The Queen Mother greeted well-wishers outside Clarence House as she celebrated her 89th birthday. ►



ASHES TO ASHES

The fine English summer has not inspired England's cricketers. The Ashes were lost on August 1 when Australia, who outplayed England in all matches and in all departments except wicket-keeping, won the fourth Test at Old Trafford by nine wickets, having won two of the previous three. Australia then went on to win the fifth Test, at Trent Bridge, on the fourth day, August 15, by an innings and 180 runs.

For David Gower, appointed

captain for the six matches at the start of the season, the Test series became something of a nightmare. Having won the toss on the first day of the first match he wrongly decided to put Australia in, and from then on nothing went well. His captaincy at times seemed more desultory than relaxed, though he stuck to it, and his batting, in spite of one century, never dominated in the way it can. Neither the English bowlers nor their batsmen ever looked like winning a match, and the averages at the end of the fifth Test told the story. Five Australians had a batting average of

more than 50 (Steve Waugh, Mark Taylor, Dean Jones, Allan Border, and David Boon), Waugh's being 161 and Taylor's 90, and four of their bowlers had an average of under 30, Terry Alderman's being 18. Only one English batsman topped 50 (Robin Smith), and the best bowling average was over 35.

England's problem was compounded on August 1 when 16 cricketers, most of them Test players, accepted offers to make two tours of South Africa. Their decision meant they would be banned from playing for England. Led by Mike Gatting,

the former England captain and one of the country's best batsmen, the party also included David Graveney, Neil Foster, John Emburey, Tim Robinson, Chris Broad, Phil de Freitas, Graham Dilley, Kim Barnett, Chris Cowdrey, Bill Athey, Richard Ellison, Paul Jarvis, Roland Butcher, Bruce French and Matthew Maynard. Eight of them had played some part in the current Test series against Australia. The two black members of the party, de Freitas and Butcher, subsequently changed their minds and withdrew from the party on August 8.

AUGUST 6

Seven passengers suffered minor injuries when the 9.15 Oxford to Paddington express was derailed and caught fire at West Ealing station in west London. The derailment was caused by vandals who had placed obstructions on the line. British Rail offered a £10,000 reward for information.

New Zealand's Labour Prime Minister, David Lange, announced his resignation, apparently as result of his party's decision to return to the Cabinet his former finance minister, Roger Douglas, with whom he

had had a long-running policy dispute. Geoffrey Parker, the Deputy Prime Minister, was selected as Lange's successor.

At Gateshead the British men's athletics team won the European Cup for the first time and qualified for the World Cup in Barcelona in September. With victories in eight events—including the 4 × 400m relay—over the two-day competition, the team won 114 points, beating the Russians into second place and the East Germans into third.

Hubert Beuve-Méry, who

founded the French newspaper *Le Monde* in December, 1944, died at Fontainebleau aged 87.

AUGUST 7

Five Central American leaders meeting in Honduras agreed to disband the American-backed Contra rebels who for eight years had been trying to overthrow Nicaragua's Sandanista government led by President Daniel Ortega. Despite opposition from the United States and the Contras themselves, demobilisation of the 12,000 rebels was scheduled to begin on September 8 and to be completed within three months.

A six-foot python, nicknamed Buster, was recovered from the drainage system of a block of flats in South Kensington, London, after it was spotted curled up in a lavatory bowl by one of the residents.

AUGUST 9

A Soviet ship carrying toxic waste from Canada was ordered to leave Tilbury docks in Essex when port managers refused to handle its cargo of PCBs—polychlorinated biphenyls. Later the management of Liverpool docks backed Tilbury in refusing to accept shipments of PCBs.



Further ports—the Clyde, Forth and Bristol—joined in the ban on the following day.

In Belfast a 15-year-old boy, Seamus Duffy, died in hospital after being struck by a rubber bullet during clashes between Republicans and the police on the 18th anniversary of the introduction of internment in Northern Ireland. A senior RUC officer was appointed to investigate the incident.

After 13 weekly one-day strikes on the London Underground, leaders of the National Union of Railwaymen and Aslef agreed to

a “no strings” pay deal drawn up by Acas raising average earnings by £16.73 a week for 2,600 Tube drivers and by £13 for 997 guards. Unofficial action by some members demanding a £64-a-week rise led to further disruption on the Tube on the following day.

In the Baltic republic of Estonia 20,000 workers from the ethnic Russian minority went on strike in protest at a new law curbing the electoral rights of recent immigrants to the republic.

Toshiki Kaifu of the Liberal Democratic Party was appointed Japan's new Prime Minister.

In Mexico at least 112 people died, many by drowning, when a train en route to Mexicali, on the Californian border, plunged from a railway bridge into the rain-swollen Bamao River.

AUGUST 10

The all-party Commons social services committee published its final report on Government plans to reform the NHS and warned that the proposals attempted to achieve too much too quickly. It said the tight timetable “could jeopardise standards of care and the co-operation of the medical profession in new ways of working”.

Lord Olivier, who died aged 82, and three of his celebrated film roles: *Hamlet*, *Richard III* and *Archie Rice*.

In the United States, General Colin Powell, the son of Jamaican immigrants, became the first black man to hold the country's top military post when he was appointed chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff by President Bush.

Britain's three-yacht team captained by Alan Gray won the Champagne Mumm Admiral's Cup with a narrow margin of 17.5 points over the Danish team which came second. It was Britain's first victory in the cup



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since 1981. Alan Gray's 50-footer, *Jamarella*, was the best boat in the 42-strong fleet while the French yacht *Corum 89*, skippered by Philippe Briand and winner of the fourth race in the six-race series, was awarded the Prix d'Elegance for the smartest boat and crew.

AUGUST 11

The hostility between President F. W. Botha of South Africa and his likely successor, the National Party leader, P. W. de Klerk came to a head again when the President publicly announced that he had not been consulted over Mr de Klerk's proposed meeting with President Kaunda of Zambia, scheduled for August 28. Three days later, in an emergency Cabinet meeting in Cape Town, ministers were unanimous in urging Mr Botha to resign. The President relinquished his post at midnight, complaining in a television broadcast that he was being ignored by his own cabinet.

In Sri Lanka the Indian Army was accused of massacring 51 civilians in the northern town of Vallbetturai—a known stronghold of Tamil Tiger separatist guerrillas—on August 4. The Army denied the massacre, but admitted that 24 civilians had been killed in crossfire between troops and guerrillas.

AUGUST 12

In the Soviet Republic of Azerbaijan, 80,000 Popular Front demonstrators rallied in the capital, Baku, to demand greater autonomy from Moscow. A one-day strike was called for August 14 and a general strike was planned for September.

AUGUST 13

At the Kodak Amateur Athletic Association championships old rivals Sebastian Coe and Steve Ovett met on the track in Britain for the first time. Coe won the 15,000 metres in 3 min 41.38sec. Ovett finished in ninth place.

AUGUST 15

Following the resignation of the Polish Prime Minister, Czeslaw Kiszczak, the Solidarity leader Lech Walesa offered to form a coalition with the Peasants' and Democratic parties, leaving the Defence and Interior ministries in the hands of the Communists. On August 17 the Polish President, Wojciech Jaruzelski, accepted the coalition with a Solidarity nominee, Tadeusz Mazowiecki, as Prime Minister of Poland's first non-Communist Government in more than 40 years.

DOUBLE LIVES IN ULSTER

Sheila Brown leads a double life. As far as her neighbours and most of her friends are concerned she is an ordinary housewife, living with her husband in a quiet, leafy suburb and bringing up a small child. But on Tuesdays and Thursdays at 7pm Mrs Brown (not her real name) exchanges her apron for a coat, kisses her husband and child goodnight and drives several miles down the road to Antrim, a quiet country town on the edge of Lough Neagh. She frequently varies her route and on occasions colleagues call by to give her a lift.

By eight o'clock Mrs Brown has become Lance-Corporal Brown, parading in army fatigue trousers and a combat jacket topped by a dark green beret that sports a gold Irish harp badge. After a short briefing she and four other soldiers, all male, are driven in an armoured personnel-carrier through the darkening streets of Antrim to their patrol area. L/Cpl Brown carries only a pocket radio clipped to the breast pouch of her jacket. The four men carry automatic self-loading rifles, with full magazines and with safety catches on. This is for real. This is Northern Ireland. In 1989, Twenty years on.

Sheila Brown is a front-line soldier, one of 717 women, known as the Greenfinches, whose existence is hardly known outside Ulster or the armed forces. She and her sister-Greenfinches—the title came from a radio code-name a decade ago—serve as regular or part-time soldiers in the Ulster Defence Regiment (UDR). Unlike the Woman's Royal Army Corps, the Greenfinches are fully integrated into the nine battalions that now make up the UDR. And—unlike other servicewomen in the British Army—the Greenfinches take their share of the risks of serving in Northern Ireland. Other regi-

ments in the British Army come and go as they take their turns to do tours in Ulster. Only the UDR stays on, establishing a record for active service that is probably unique in British history.

Sheila Brown has been a member for six years. About a third of the Greenfinches are full-time soldiers and the rest are part-timers. Sheila usually turns out twice a week, with additional weekend duties about once a month. By 9pm she and the rest of the patrol have "debussed" and are walking the streets of Ballymena. On some nights the patrol mans VCPs (vehicle check points), where L/Cpl Brown questions drivers and checks suspect car numbers through the radio net. In the town she has less to do. The streets are quiet, the townspeople friendly. But that does not stop the patrol from moving along in that zigzag, stop-go, crouch-and-cover progress that has become an all-too-familiar image of the army in Northern Ireland.

The Ulster Defence Regiment grew out of the terrible years of the early 1970s when Ulster was torn apart by riots, burnings, bombs and bullets. The UDR's role was to provide a local "Dad's Army" to back up the regular Army and the police. The decision in 1973 to let women join was not welcomed by many of the older men. One of the first women recruits, who joined after a close relative lost two women and a boy in a restaurant bombing, remembers how a sergeant lined them up on their first night on duty to tell them "the didn't like women, he didn't want us and would we stay out of his way".

However, over the next few months these fledgling Greenfinches proved themselves indispensable; their voices came over better than men's on the radio,

Pte Eva Martin, killed on duty, May 2, 1974, and Pte Margaret Hearty, shot at home, October 8, 1977; her child survived.



they were more methodical than men in collating intelligence information and "being instinctively nosy, we were also very good at searching women and searching cars". Eventually they were, somewhat grudgingly, allowed to go on operations, accompanying patrols on searches and "doing the scribing at VCPs".

At first the men were over-protective and the Greenfinches had to learn to "keep their heads down and stay out of the way". There was also red tape to be overcome, such as the ban on wearing trousers, which meant that for the first two years skirts were the regulation dress. "At one stage they issued us with beautiful pantaloons, black with white lace round the bottom, but they didn't keep the cold out."

In August, 1973 a hard-pressed Ulster government committed what is now widely accepted as a disastrous political blunder by introducing internment without trial. It had the effect of alienating many of the Catholics who made up almost a third of the UDR's numbers at that time—and it also put the regiment directly in the firing-line as the Irish Republican Army began to target UDR part-timers in its drive to make the Province un-

Country patrol: part of a five-man team, one of whom acts as the Greenfinch's "minder".

governable. Since that time 180 soldiers of the UDR have been killed, many while off-duty, often as they went to or from their homes in the hours of darkness. "Only 20 per cent of the members of the UDR who have been killed have been killed in uniform," confirms a retired UDR officer who has himself survived two assassination attempts.

The fact that the Greenfinches are non-combatants and carry no weapons has not prevented them from suffering at the hands of the terrorists. Two have been killed on patrol: Jean Leggett, ambushed while on mobile patrol in April, 1976, and Heather Kerrigan, who was blown up while on foot patrol in July, 1984. However, the first fatality among the Greenfinches occurred when a UDR base came under attack in May, 1975. "I can still remember when Private Eva Martin was killed," recalls a Greenfinch who was then a junior officer. "She was on duty and had just had her identity photograph taken by her husband, who was also in the UDR. She was racing down the stairs past a window when she was shot in the head and tumbled

down the stairs into the arms of her husband. The spirit of the girls came to the fore then; the next duty night every single girl in Private Martin's company reported for duty."

The killing of a four Greenfinch was particularly brutal. Private Margaret Hearty, 24, lived with her three-year-old daughter in a caravan in the garden of her parents' home in a border village in South Armagh. As a sister-Greenfinch and friend reports: "She loved to work as a Greenfinch and served loyalty for four years until 9.30pm on October 8, 1977 when gunmen burst into her caravan and raked her bedroom with automatic fire. Her daughter screamed and the bullets missed the child but cut through a soft toy she had been cuddling."

Tragedies like these are a grim reminder that, even in today's improved security situation, the gunmen and the bombers regard women like Sheila Brown as fair game. It is on that drive home in the early hours that she feels most vulnerable. It irritates her that she is not allowed to carry a weapon as her male colleagues do, although she knows that this is not a feeling shared by most other Greenfinch colleagues. In fact, extra security precautions are

taken to cover women part-timers as they come off duty and it is constantly drummed into them that they must never relax their guard. "Even when you're off-duty, doing the shopping or out walking the dog, you're never totally switched off. You're always looking for something out of the ordinary, a group of people or an odd-looking bag, tin or bag, something that's been planted and may be a device."

Just as irritating to Sheila is the fact that her membership of the Ulster Defence Regiment remains secret to all but her family and a few friends. Some of her husband's friends know because he is a policeman in the Royal Ulster Constabulary, but not Sheila's best friend, who is a Catholic. "I cannot tell her what I do of an evening," she says. "I feel I'm betraying her, but I've got to protect her by not putting her on the line." In Ulster an accidental remark, even among friends, might prove fatal and on occasions certainly has been.

More galling still is the charge that the UDR is a sectarian force designed to intimidate the Catholic minority in Northern Ireland. Knowing how many Catholics were killed or intimidated out of the UDR by the extremists, and how much those that remain are

at risk, this is a charge that she finds deeply insulting. She cites the example of a Greenfinch welfare officer, a Catholic, who has resisted years of intimidation of herself and her family from extremists on both sides, Loyalist and Republican. "The fact that I'm a Catholic doesn't worry me as far as my own personal security is concerned," declares the Greenfinch. "People on the mainland get the impression that every Catholic sympathises with the IRA and it's just not true. I felt very, very strongly about this and thought it very important that I stood up to be counted."

When L/Cpl Brown returns home in the small hours, she often falls into bed cold and exhausted. She gets up again at 7am but has grown used to snatching four hours sleep on duty nights and makes light of it. Like her colleagues, she prefers to look on the bright side of things, reveling in the intense comradeship of the regiment. For all the stresses and restraints of her double life, she insists that being a Greenfinch has given life an extra meaning. "This is my country and I'll fight for it," she says. "My son has to grow up in it and I will not be browbeaten by anybody, I don't care who they are."

CHARLES ALLEN





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THE WINES OF ERNEST AND JULIO GALLO



HOW THE POLICE NEED TO CHANGE

The carefully-cultivated image of Sir Peter Imbert is of an old-time bobby on the beat writ large. Homespun in speech, courteous in style, he is seen as the man trying to transform the "Met", traditionally the hardest police organisation in Britain, from a "force" into a "service".

Sir Peter is, however, a great deal more complex than his public relations machine will allow. A career spent mainly in Special Branch and Anti-Terrorism has left its marks, even though they are well-hidden. Behind the *bonhomie* there is a wily and tough-minded operator with a radical message for Britain's police—not all of it about softer policing.

In certain areas he is for tougher measures than his predecessors dared to contemplate. He is, for example, strongly in favour of a national police structure that would cut across the cherished separatism of all the police forces in the country. It would be an FBI-style organisation dealing with serious international crime, particularly drugs. When I interviewed Sir Peter at New Scotland Yard, in his spacious office with its grave mahogany furniture and wall-to-wall views of London, this was one of the first things I asked him about.

"The ease of travel is far greater now than it has ever been. In 1992 we have the change in the European structure, the Channel Tunnel opens in June, 1993. The increase in what we call international crime has been steady, some have called it alarming. It is going to be exaggerated or exacerbated in 1992. Because, even if in reality the borders are still there, and there's still a customs check—as indeed I believe there will be and should be—criminals will interpret it as being much easier. They will see, as the business world will, that Britain is a very very lucrative corner of the Euro-

Britain's top policeman, Sir Peter Imbert, embarks this month on his third year as Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police. Like the first two, it seems bound to be a year of great controversy, for the public's dissatisfaction with the police continues to increase. Lewis Chester interviewed the Commissioner about the problems of policing London.

pean market. And criminals don't just follow market trends, they are very often well ahead of them.

"There comes a time when the problem must be addressed. And by 1992 inevitably I think it's going to be that much more difficult to come to terms with it. We must try to get our own national structure right, before we try to liaise on a daily, even hourly basis, with our colleagues across the water in Europe. The Customs service may be lukewarm, as they might see this as being an attack on their sovereignty. Some of my fellow chief officers might feel the same way. But we've got to say what's going to be best for the law-abiding people of this country in the coming years. If the answer is a new structure, then I have to be for it, even if it means losing some of my own sovereignty."

The Met is now a heavily-armed force, though guns are issued only under strict controls. The basic weapon is the .38 revolver, but under certain conditions

policemen can be issued with self-loading pistols, shotguns or even sub-machine guns. A recent report by the Police Foundation, an independent research body, warned of the danger of "drifting towards a routinely armed force". Sir Peter has pledged himself against any escalation in the armoury of London's police force. Meanwhile, a high-powered group inside Scotland Yard is considering setting up mobile armed response units which would be on constant alert to deal with the threat from armed criminals. Didn't this constitute an escalation in the armoury?

"We may not eventually go for what you call 'an escalation' because I think it's not only the reality, it is the perception which is important. But in this case one must concentrate on the reality. The reality is that in London in any one week we can expect somewhere between 15 and 30 armed robberies. This week we have actually reduced the number to 15. Last week it was 22. A few weeks ago it



was 30. I think the average is about 19 or 20. And we're in the business of preserving life and property. In the days when the criminal didn't resort to firearms so readily or rapidly, one incident would very likely be forgotten about until the next one in three months' time.

"Now, in order to protect the public, we've actually got to be a bit firmer. We have firearms at police stations but is it realistic that we should telephone or radio the station with news of an armed hold-up at the bank on the corner? Very likely somebody has to be called to the station to get the firearms. We're asking ourselves whether it would be safer, instead of having an armoury which is stationary in various parts of London, to have part of that armoury mobile. What we're doing is living up to the reality of the situation. But we haven't made a final decision yet.

"There is an alternative of course, and it's an alternative that is often pressed on us, not only by some sections of the

media, but by the public, and by some officers within the service. It's that we should have far more police officers on patrol actually armed, walking the streets with firearms. I frankly do not want to get into that situation."

One of Sir Peter's first moves in office was to commission an investigation into the Met by the corporate image consultants, Wolff Olins. The Olins report, *A Force for Change*, described the Met as divided, beleaguered and operating "in an atmosphere of shabby confusion". It castigated a minority of police officers for being rude and aggressive in their relationship with people on the streets. Did Sir Peter think it was wise to invite this kind of lacerating criticism?

"I've questioned whether it's the right way to do things, as have some of my colleagues. But if one wishes to change, then first we must ask somebody to examine the patient. Lots of people are frightened to go to the doctor in case they have got cancer. But if they don't go it's going to

kill them. If they do go they have got a chance of being cured. And I think the days have gone when you can do much secretly. The Commissioner has to take a lead. If you tried to change secretly, the chances are you wouldn't change anything. So, yes, *A Force for Change* was a self-inflicted wound. But it's a bit of healthy blood-letting in order to ensure that the patient becomes more healthy.

"We're bandaging the wound now with what we call the Plus programme. The unique thing about this programme is that it applies to everyone in the Met service. It doesn't apply only to 28,000 police officers. Scenes-of-crime officers, laboratory staff, public relations people, communications officers, those who answer the telephones (probably among the most important people in the service), it applies to them all—all 16,000 of the civil staff.

"It's about changing the style of the service, not its basic character. The pity is that the media generally, and one or two sections in particular, have picked out the 10 per cent where Olins was critical, the 90 per cent that was good news went unreported. But I do want the police to be more understanding and responsive, to achieve a style that doesn't exist in such abundance as it once did. What I want to do is make that accepted once again as the norm, as the main style of policing. It's a firm style, a fair style and a friendly style. It's about understanding what the consumer wants and needs.

"One of our problems is that it's very easy to measure the bad news about a policeman's work, number of arrests, number of public order duties and so on. But the good news, like defusing volatile situations, is harder to measure and encourage. How can you measure tranquillity, and the police contribution to it? I don't know at the moment, but one of our Plus teams is looking at it."

Crime in London, as in other parts of the country, has tended to level off in the past two years. The exception to this is violent crime, where the figures show an inexorable rise. Was there any special reason for this?

"Perhaps I should bare another wound by saying there are other things we have inflicted on ourselves. One is the campaign against racial harassment, another is to do with child abuse, yet another is to do with domestic violence. Over the last couple of years we have extended our racial harassment campaign to try and persuade members of the ethnic minority communities to report offences committed against them. We've handed out leaflets in four languages, telling them how to do it, try to raise their level of confidence. We've also formed domestic-violence and child-

THE PLUS PROGRAMME'S STATEMENT OF COMMON PURPOSE

The purpose of the Metropolitan Police Service is to uphold the law fairly and firmly; to prevent crime; to pursue and bring to justice those who break the law; to keep the Queen's Peace; to protect, help and reassure people in London; and to be seen to do all this with integrity, common sense and sound judgment.

We must be compassionate, courteous and patient, acting without fear or favour or prejudice to the rights of others. We need to be professional, calm and restrained in the face of violence and apply only that force which is necessary to accomplish our lawful duty.

We must strive to reduce the fears of the public and, so far as we can, to reflect their priorities in the action we take. We must respond to well-founded criticism with a willingness to change."

abuse reaction teams in each of our eight areas of London, to give a much better, more professional and swifter response to those offences. Of course we've also contacted women's groups and there's been a lot of self-generated publicity about it.

"Sadly, of course, what it does is raise the number of offences that are actually reported to us, and it looks on the face of it as though crime is getting worse. What's happening is that we're actually surfacing previously hidden crime. But I don't believe in hiding behind statistics. These things will surface in the end and I don't think we're doing our duty to those very vulnerable members of the public if indeed we try to pretend it isn't happening. The incidence of these three offences is actually even greater than is reported to us at the moment. What we must do is encourage people to report them, understand the size of the problem, so that we can do something about it."

Racial tension is still London's main flash-point. Sir Peter, who has six relatives who are black, is known to be sympathetic to ethnic group interests. But London's policemen are still overwhelmingly white; less than two per cent are from minority groups. Didn't Sir Peter think that the composition of the Met should provide a better reflection of the capital's racial mix?

"I do, and not just to do our duty day by day. I think it's important for the acceptability of the force. If the public knows that it's reflecting the community, they will know it is their police service. It's not mine. The ownership of the police should be in that great population out there. In some areas we almost do reflect. In our civil staff something like 12 per cent are black. In the special constabulary around seven per cent are black. But let me concede immediately it's not enough in the force. We now have 430 black police officers, a growing number but not growing fast enough.

"One probable difficulty in recruitment, I think, is the reputation we had,

and probably the residual reputation which we still have. But it is changing quite rapidly. Although there was resistance earlier, we have an offence of racial discrimination within the service. It can now be dealt with on a disciplinary charge. We also have a virile and effective Equal Opportunities Unit. And I see the police service now as leading the way in harmonisation of our race relations, perhaps coming from the back.

"For what it's worth we are looking at the question of height. Because we do appreciate that unless we shade the 5 feet 8 inches, which is the regulation at the moment, we are not going to get people of Chinese and maybe Indian extraction in the same numbers."

The Met's clear-up rate for recorded crime is, at 17 per cent, one of the worst in the country. The difficulty of obtaining convictions has led Sir Peter to voice open criticism of the criminal justice system, in particular the right to silence and the adversarial nature of the courts which, he feels, can impede the quest for the truth. But there are in-house problems too. A recent internal inquiry into the CID found it inadequate and unprofessional and said that it gave little or no satisfaction to the main users of the service—the victims. What was Sir Peter's response?

"We're increasing the numbers in the

"With increased numbers and new procedures I want the approach to crime to be more victim-focused"

CID by more than a couple of hundred. The total will be 350 over two years. I asked for that report. I didn't do it on a whim; I did it because I didn't think we were getting the right sort of service as far as the investigation of crime was concerned, and I wanted us to take a scientific look at it. Over the years we've increased the number of officers on the beat, but not in the CID. With increased numbers and new procedures I want the approach to crime to be much more victim-focused, something the report advocates. It's something I'm absolutely in favour of. It really is the nub of the Plus programme. It's dealing with the person who needs us. What we're trying to do with victim support is to say to the first officer on the scene, 'It's not just the preservation of clues, your task is also to talk to that person, make them feel better and actually provide a service'."

Critics of the Met have suggested that victim support rings hollow, when, as is now the case, seven out of 10 crimes are not pursued, or "screened-out" of investigation. All crimes in London, except the most serious, are now assessed on a point system for solvability. Only those scoring sufficient points are investigated, the rest are kept on file. Didn't this amount to an actual reduction in service to the victims of crime?

"We didn't hit the centre of the target with crime screening. There was a lot of misinterpretation because we hadn't articulated it properly. We've got to put our hands up when we've failed, and I failed when I was asked about it. I didn't explain it properly.

"It looked as though we didn't care about seven out of 10. What we failed to do was say, 'Look because we care for that seven out of 10, that's why we are concentrating on the other three in order to capture your burglar.' That's the essence of crime-screening. In fact we've had forms of crime selection and screening for over a century, but now we've formalised it. Again it's part of the



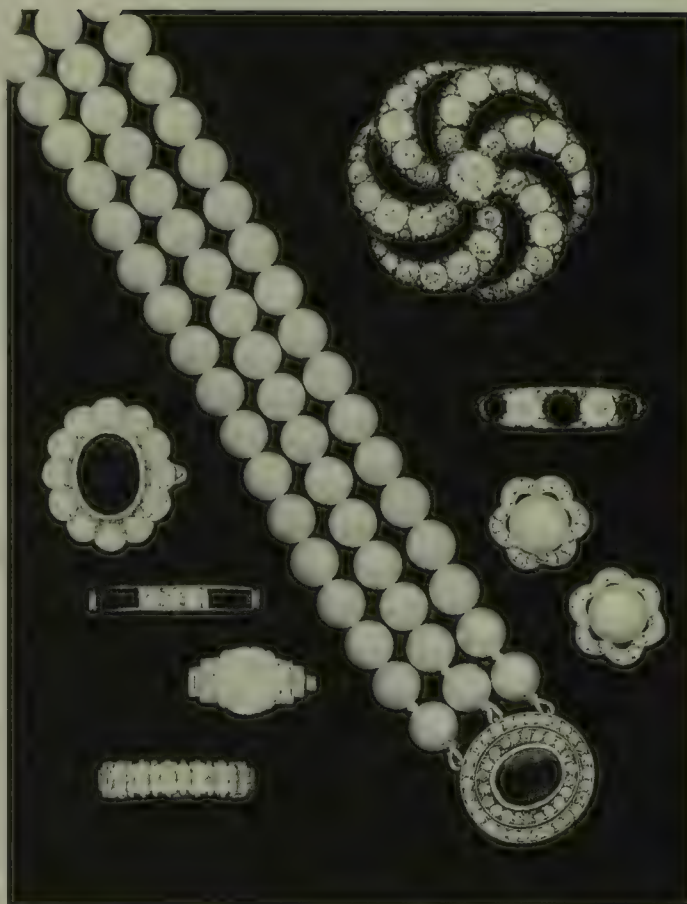
Sir Peter in ceremonial dress in the Mall at this year's Trooping the Colour parade. The horse is Inca.

BIOGRAPHY

1933: Born April 27, in Kent. Educated Harvey Grammar School, Folkestone.
1953: Joins Metropolitan Police. Later transfers to Special Branch.
1956: Marries Iris Dove. One son, two daughters.
1960-61: Studies Russian at Isleworth Polytechnic.
1973: Leaves Special Branch. Made deputy operational head of Metropolitan Police Anti-Terrorist Squad.
1975: Negotiator in the Balcombe Street siege.
1976: Assistant Chief Constable, Surrey Constabulary.
1979-85: Chief Constable, Thames Valley Police.
1985: Deputy Commissioner, Metropolitan Police.
1987: Metropolitan Police Commissioner.
1988: Knighted
1989: Institutes programme of police reform.

programme of being honest with the public and at the same time trying to give a better service. This may be one of those cases where I'm persuaded that perhaps we have been too honest. Because what we are saying is if we want to catch more criminals or burglars, you concentrate on the most likely ones. If you go to the races you're more likely to win if you back the favourites. In crime detection it's very similar. It's deciding where you've got the best clues, and concentrating on them.

"Criminals don't just commit one offence. Perhaps I shouldn't say so, but



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when we arrest someone for burglary it isn't too often that he's just done one solitary burglary in the whole of his life. That's too much to expect. What we must do is to concentrate on those where clues were left. What it's doing is raising the chances of detection. Up to the end of April we were two per cent up on the number of clear-ups for burglaries."

There are almost 10,000 Neighbourhood Watch schemes in the city, covering nearly 1.5 million households. The Met has put a lot of muscle behind this form of citizen's self-protection, but two recent studies by criminologists have suggested that watch schemes may make little difference to the chances of being burgled. Did Sir Peter have any doubts? "Whatever some of the criminologists might say about it, Neighbourhood Watch is actually working. Four years ago when we started we said if we all looked after each other's property we would reduce burglary. Burglary has reduced in London four years running.

"People now are committed to the idea. It has not just reduced burglaries, it has added to social cohesion. My parents were members of neighbourhood watch in the late 1940s, early 1950s but they didn't know it. They didn't have a sticker on the window announcing it. But they did actually know the people up the road because we lived in a very small town. They knew the people who lived opposite. And if they saw a strange car or motorcyclist or something they would ask Mrs Pollier or Mrs Apse whether or not they knew who they were. That was neighbourhood watch, but it faded away with television and the bureaucratisation of modern life. Now Neighbourhood Watch has restored some of that cohesion. People have got to know each other much more."

Many of Sir Peter's reforms are directed at improving the quality of the contact between Londoners and their police on the streets. What was it like in his day as bobby on the beat?

"When I first joined this job, I would go to my police station together with between three and a dozen others, depending on sickness or court commitments, things like that. We would raise our truncheons in one hand, and our whistle in the other. We would get a list of vehicles which had been stolen in London during the last 24 hours. We would write these down and then we would go out on our beats and walk around, and shake hands with door-

"If you want
high-quality
and intelligent
police officers
you have got to
pay for them"

knockers, and talk to paper boys and the public. But because there was such a fluctuating number reporting for duty the chances were that we would be on a different beat almost every day of the week. The old idea that we all knew the people on our beat—certainly on my beat—was a complete fallacy.

"But with some of the forms of territorial and neighbourhood policing we have today, officers have more chance of being in a particular area, day after day, week after week. We've not only got neighbourhood schemes, we've got estate policing schemes as well, whereby we have a very regular number of officers covering a particular estate. They get to know the social workers, the local schools, the caretakers, the regular residents and the local authorities. They're working together as a team.

"We also go into the community with our schemes to design out crime. Each of our areas has two officers working on this full-time, advising on security, lighting, the positioning of walkways and underpasses and the rest. If we had realised how crime was going to increase in this great city of ours I think the architects, the designers and the local authorities would have thought much more carefully about the design of their buildings. And what we're doing now of course is tinkering, but tinkering to good effect. People in these areas are feeling safer."

The cost of the Met is now running at more than £1 billion a year, an increase to ratepayers of some 50 per cent in four years. London politicians have come to like Sir Peter, contrasting him favourably with his slightly wintry predecessor, Sir Kenneth Newman. They speak of "a degree of *glasnost*" with the Met. But the goodwill is tinged with alarm about the cost of his operation. Once it was just the Labour boroughs, like Lambeth and

Camden, which raged against the price of the police. Now the Tories of Croydon and Westminster have joined in. What did Sir Peter think of this new united front opposing the soaring costs?

"It is understandable, because policing is a very expensive commodity. If you want high quality and intelligent police officers, you've got to attract them in some way, and you've got to pay for them. We can reduce costs if the public are prepared to go back to the level of policing we actually had before. But the dilemma I have is that people are demanding the highest level and the highest quality. It's a conundrum. I try to give the best service I can and not ask for more money but police officers, like every other section of society, now do only a five-day week. Our overtime bill is pretty horrendous.

"In London today we would have at least a dozen people from other countries who are entitled to and need our protection. This never would have been the case some years ago. It grew out of the terrorist campaigns of the 1970s when we were required to provide much greater protection to embassies, legations and visiting VIPs. Our protection units now are much greater than ever before. Every time there is a change of Cabinet police costs go up. There are new people to protect and we don't just drop protection from the old overnight. The point is that every time there is an increased requirement from the police service, you either have to find the money for it, or let something drop off the end."

Corruption in the Met had been one of the longest-running themes of British policing since the mid-1960s. Suddenly the subject seems to have disappeared from the headlines. Was this good luck?

"I don't think it's luck. I think it's the quality of the police officer we're actually recruiting. Again, you get what you pay for. Police officers are as human as the next, but if you give them a good livelihood, as happens now, they're less likely to be corrupted, whatever the temptations. This was one of the good things that Wolff Olins found out. At one time within the police there was the smell of institutionalised corruption. Olins says that it's no longer there—there's no evidence of it. Inevitably there will be a bit of corruption somewhere, but there isn't that institutionalised corruption. I'm absolutely confident of that. I hope I don't have to eat my words over the next few years." □

NELSON'S COLUMNS

THE BEGUILING MICROSCOPE

Microscopy is quite a mouthful. Even the most confident of conversationalists might hesitate to introduce the word, and certainly be disinclined to explain it, in casual table talk. This may be one reason why the 150th anniversary of the Royal Microscopical Society has so far passed without much comment.

This is unjust, for without microscopes man could not have made many of the scientific and medical advances of recent times. The nerve cells and tissues of the body, and the viruses and bacteria that attack them, are recognised and understood only through the microscope. Much of industry would be paralysed without microscopy, which is routinely used for checking materials. There would be no microchip, no computer, no pocket calculator, no video recorder, no space exploration, without these instruments of higher magnification.

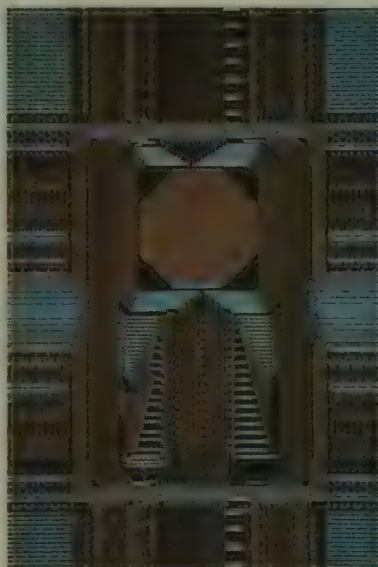
So the Royal Microscopical Society's 150th birthday needs to be appropriately celebrated, not least perhaps because its centenary 50 years ago went unmarked, falling as it did on September 3, 1939—not a time for jubilation. This year things should be different. A special issue of stamps is being released on September 5 and a commemorative exhibition staged, for which the Society has cleverly overcome the problem for toastmasters by

calling it The Year of the Microscope, which certainly runs more trippingly off the tongue than "The Royal Microscopical Society Exhibition."

The show now running on the third floor of the Science Museum in London must be seen to be believed. In addition to the sort of microscope that might be recognised by the scientifically illiterate, among which may be included a £21 school model and the 1919 microscope used by the maritime biologist Emperor Hirohito, are some of the giants of modern technology.

They include the 1989 Cambridge Instruments S360 scanning electron microscope, the most advanced computer-controlled machine of its kind, which costs £200,000 and which enables an object to be looked at in three dimensions. For the first time members of the public, including the most inquisitive and potentially destructive of Young Williams, are being let loose on this high-powered monster, which has a resolution of up to one hundred thousandth of a millimetre (0.00001mm)—ten thousand times smaller than the eye can see unaided.

Anyone who doubts the need to hurry off to the Science Museum might ponder some frightening statistics cited by Mr John Butcher MP, then Parliamentary Under-Secretary of State for Education and Science,



Centre portion of a 256K dynamic random-access memory chip containing more than 600,000 electronic components. Photomicrograph, about 1,000X.

when he opened the exhibition. Quoting from a random sample survey published in a recent issue of *Nature* he noted that only 62.8 per cent of those questioned knew that the earth went round the sun, and of these relatively smart people only half knew that it took a year to do it. So it must be good news that British schoolchildren will in future have to study science until they are 16, and that meanwhile we all have the chance to play with and learn from the Royal Microscopical Society's beguiling and invaluable equipment.

ALL CHANGE FOR COLUZZI

Some 3,000 model trains, ships, planes and railway paraphernalia pulled into Christie's this summer to go under the hammer in what was, for many enthusiasts, the sale of the century. By the time bidding had finished, Count Antonio Giansanti-Coluzzi's historic and vitage collection had fetched an astonishing £1,200,000.

This unique opportunity for model train buffs was in many ways a sad finale for one of the world's largest and fine collections of his type. After 66 years of dedication and care, Coluzzi, aged 74, felt it was time to make arrangements for his collection and, with no one in the family to pass it on to (his daughter and two grandsons not sharing his interest), he decided to ship it to London for auction. Tom Rose, Christie's model expert, was delighted to receive Coluzzi's telephone call. He said: "I couldn't believe it. It's a unique event to be involved in. It's so special." And to make the sale particularly memorable, Rose created a mock

railway setting, with suitable choo-choo music in the background.

As a result, the auction was not to be missed, even for those not interested in buying. The range, scale and quality of the collection were superlative. Many pieces were rare and all of them were in excellent condition. One of the 300 examples by Märklin was a gauge 0 PLM Pacific locomotive still in its original box and packaging, complete with guarantee and instructions, and a delivery note dated December, 1913. It realised £13,200.

Another impressive piece, which sold for £16,500, was a complete Märklin Grand Station, dated 1909, consisting of 19 parts, with working clocks and electric lights.

But it was a ship not a train, that realised the highest price. A Märklin electric ship, over a metre in length, the *Kaiser Wilhelm der Grösse*, which will sail for seven hours on two four-volt batteries, was bought for £33,000.

Remarkably, the lot expected to



fetch the highest price did not sell. A teak sleeping-car, built to Coluzzi's specifications by J. P. Hartmann in 1984, it clearly illustrated his naughty sense of humour, for inside the cabins the nocturnal antics of the passengers (electrically-operated) could be easily seen. Perhaps the bidders thought this particular train would not fit in with their collections.

Count Coluzzi, whose model train collection has been his absorbing passion for 66 years. His enthusiasm was fired at the age of eight by the sight of the Blue Train.

NELSON'S COLUMNS

STAYING IN STYLE

There can be no more stylish place to stay in London than 47 Park Street. It is, to begin with, a very good address, right in the heart of Mayfair, halfway between Park Lane and Grosvenor Square. The building itself, though dating from the 1920s, has an Edwardian elegance and comfort, comprising inside 52 suites, all luxuriously decorated and equipped. It has a privacy and restfulness seldom found in even the best of the capital's hotels, having no public rooms, bars, shops or other distractions. And its room service is provided by Le Gavroche, London's only Michelin three-star restaurant, which shares the building.

Number 47 Park Street in fact has its own direct entrance into the restaurant and, as well as a dining-table in each of the apartments, has a private dining-room in which Gavroche meals can be served for up to 22 people. The

house (they do not like to call it a hotel) is owned by the *patron* of the restaurant, Albert Roux, *Maître Cuisinier de France*, and he and his wife, Monique, have lavished upon it all the care and attention to detail that characterise Le Gavroche.

Their aim is to provide spacious rooms for discerning travellers and businessmen, and with this in mind each sitting-room has a good-sized desk, complete with carriage clock, and if you want a Fax machine of your own, it can be provided (there is one for general use in the office downstairs). The sitting rooms also have comfortable sofas and chairs, king-sized private bars and satellite television. Eight suites have recently been refurbished by Monique Roux and Mister Smith Interiors of Crowborough, their bedrooms being particularly enchanting (all triple-glazed to keep out traffic noise because, as General Manager Keith Bradford says, "If you can't give people a quiet night there's no point in having them to stay"). All are air-conditioned. Bathrooms are equally sumptuous (towels and bathrobes by Christy, toiletries from Floris), and there are small kitchens (with shopping lists provided) should you want to cater for yourself.

But why should you? With Le Gavroche restaurant and bar downstairs, and 24-hour room service, which includes an enticing *menu du jour* from Monsieur Roux, staying at 47 Park Street without making use of these resources would be like lying face-down in your bunk while sailing along the Nile. The three-course room menu, with coffee and *petits fours*, costs £19.50. The cost of a one-bedroom suite ranges from £225 a night to £330, inclusive of service but exclusive of VAT.

BRITAIN AND GIBRALTAR

Letter from the Chief Minister of Gibraltar, the Hon Joseph Bossano:

Dear Sir, In your Royal Issue 1989 you claimed that the way had been opened for the Queen to visit Spain because of recent improvements in relations on the question of the "British occupation of Gibraltar". If this is indeed the case, it would be more than an improvement from Spain's point of view. It would be a total capitulation of the British position.

Our understanding of the situation is that Gibraltar is sovereign British territory by virtue of the 1713 Treaty of Utrecht. Under the 1968 Constitution, the British Crown has

undertaken not to transfer sovereignty to Spain against the wishes of the people of Gibraltar. Gibraltarians—who have great appreciation and loyalty to Her Majesty—believe themselves to be British.

Obviously we cannot be in "occupation" of our own land in which we have lived since 1704. It must follow, if you are correct, that "you British" are occupying "us Gibraltarians". I fail to see how recognising your "occupation" presumably as a prelude to "ending it", can be expected to have improved your relations with Spain since in such eventuality our homeland would devolve to us, the Gibraltarians.

The staircase at 47 Park Street winds elegantly up the building and has stained-glass windows decorated with the Gavroche orchid.



WHERE TO TEST DRIVE

A SAAB

ACTON
Ace Kensington
52 Churchfield Road.
Tel: 01 992 7866

BATTERSEA
Holbein (Battersea)
12 Ingate Place,
Queenstown Road SW8.
Tel: 01 622 9003

CITY
Saab City
60 The Highway E1.
Tel: 01 480 7540

EALING
Swedish Car Centre
128 Boston Road, Hanwell.
Tel: 01 567 7035

EALING BROADWAY
Swedish Car Centre
19 The Mall. Tel: 01 579 2969

FINCHLEY
Ballards of Finchley Ltd
421-423 High Road.
Tel: 01 346 6696

KENSINGTON
Ace Kensington
Radley Mews, Stratford Road.
Tel: 01 938 4333

KINGSTON-UPON-THAMES
Home Park Garage Ltd
38 Uxbridge Road.
Tel: 01 546 9516

PICCADILLY
Saab Piccadilly
77 Piccadilly W1.
Tel: 01 409 0990

SOUTH CROYDON
Ancaster Saab
433-441 Brighton Road.
Tel: 01 668 0411

STAINES
Jefferson Carr Centre Ltd
London Road. Tel: 0784 63233

WELLING
Star Group Saab
132 Parkview Road.
Tel: 01 303 5678

WIMBLEDON
Saab Wimbledon
14 Morden Road SW19.
Tel: 01 543 4012



THE DASHBOARD IS THE ONLY THING THAT'S WOODEN ABOUT A SAAB CDS.

Take a seat and absorb the quality and space surrounding you in a CDS. The first thing you notice, is the walnut dashboard in front of you. This wood has travelled all the way across the Atlantic. It's Virginian Black, a burr walnut. It's been specially cut, hand-crafted and given eight coats of lacquer, leaving tones of light and dark that enhance the rich feel of the car's interior.

Now the dashboard's layout catches your eye. Mother nature may have provided the wood, but Swedish Aircraft technology built the car, so the controls are shaped around you like a cockpit.

The instruments are large, and easy to read. You begin to realise, that when Saab make a luxury car, they don't sacrifice

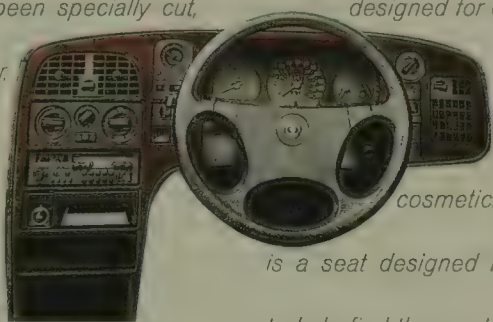
practicality. Nor will you find any compromise on space. In the USA the Saab CDS is one of only two European cars officially classified as large. The other is a Rolls-Royce. The Saab, however is designed for drivers, not chauffeurs

As you drive away, you realise that the luxury features of the CDS are not merely cosmetic. Beneath the leather upholstery, for instance, is a seat designed by orthopaedic experts, with five adjustments, to help find the most anatomically correct, yet comfortable position.

In fact, the car is so comfortable, that you won't want to leave it. Unfortunate, then, that this is the end of your test drive

You turn off the ignition and take a last look around the car

Touch wood, you'll now be making a purchase



SAAB CD FROM £15,495

SAAB 9000 FROM £14,895

SAAB 900 FROM £10,995



SAAB

THE AIRCRAFT MANUFACTURER

ALL SAABS SINCE OCT. 1984 CAN PERFORM ON LEAD FREE FUEL WITHOUT MODIFICATION. CAR SHOWN CDS £17,795. PRICES CORRECT AT PRESS DATE, EXCLUDE DELIVERY, ROAD TAX, PLATES.

NELSON'S COLUMNS

ART OF THE ORDINARY

Spoonbridge and Cherry at Minneapolis. For Oldenburg, the spoon resembled a bridge. Van Bruggen added the cherry.

Since 1976 Claes Oldenburg, together with his wife, Coosje van Bruggen, has been working on a series of large-scale sculptural projects which are sited in many American and European cities.

The subjects are extraordinary simply because they are so ordinary. Lipsticks, screws, buttons, plugs, pencils, toothbrushes, even cigarette ends, become art when exaggerated into enormous versions of themselves. For

Oldenburg believes in the poetry of scale and that "when a thing gets large it loses its original identity". Much of his inspiration comes from *Gulliver's Travels*, in which Swift questions the whole concept of size and scale. Thus a gigantic Swiss penknife becomes a strange, nearly 30-foot-long boat, with moving blades and a corkscrew. This sculpture, which originally appeared as an uncanny gondola in Venice, is now

in the Pompidou Centre in Paris. Likewise, a crumbling chocolate biscuit becomes an earthquake; a plug, Donald Duck.

Oldenburg says, "I have always liked to work with my surroundings rather than abstractly". It is important to him that the sculpture fits in with its environs. For instance, the five-metre-wide *Split Button* at the University of Pennsylvania fits in because it might have fallen off a student's shirt.

While all these works display a certain sense of humour, *Blasted Pencil (Which Still Writes)*, designed as a monument to the survival of the University of El Salvador, shows the serious side of their art. The sculpture represents the continuing function of the university in the face of adversity.

An exhibition of Claes and Coosje's projects is currently touring Europe, having toured England last year. It covers Oldenburg's work from the 60s to the present. Entitled *A Bottle of Notes and Some Voyages*, the exhibition coincides with a project Oldenburg is working on for a new town-park in Middlesbrough, in north-east England.



LAST OF THE RED-HOT BUSES ?

London's traditional red double-decker bus—the Routemaster—is on the way out, and its replacements will not even all be red.

The red double-decker bus is one of the great symbols of London, a city without many such symbols. Tower Bridge, Nelson's Column, the beefeater, the black taxi and the red bus are about all we have in this vast and alienating metropolis, which lacks the neat visual coherence of New York or Rome, of Paris or Vienna. But the red bus is our own: instantly recognisable, visually stunning, quintessentially London. It has been recorded in paint by Walter

Sickert, in song by Flanders and Swan, and on film by young Cliff Richard and in the latest James Bond movie, *Licence to Kill*, where it features in an "establishing shot" of Whitehall, designed to show that the action has moved from Florida to London. Unfortunately the bus featured was one of the old red Routemasters, and was numbered 24.

As many Londoners will know, this is now only fantasy. The 24 bus, which does indeed travel down Whitehall, is no longer a conductor-carrying Routemaster. It is no longer even red.

Since the end of last year the 24 bus route has been run by Grey Green Coaches, a Sunderland-based firm. Grey Green runs a fleet of conductorless buses, painted (such is the wit of corporate man) grey and green.

The control of a famous London bus route by a private coach company is not an isolated phenomenon. London Regional Transport, the body set up after the demise of the GLC to run London's public transport, has put many of its other routes out to contract.

Although London Buses (the LRT subsidiary responsible for bus services) is allowed to bid for these contracts,

more than 120 routes have been won from them by companies in the private sector. These companies operate under the aegis of LRT, but in their own colours.

The days of the crimson-painted, double-decker bus seem to be numbered. Is it purely sentimental to mourn their passing? London's buses were not always red. The tradition was established only in 1933 with the birth of London Transport. Before that time a host of private bus companies waged a particoloured war for routes and passengers. Road accidents were frequent, as the reckless drivers raced each other to the next stop and its fares.

Largest and most powerful of these warring factions was the red-sprayed General Omnibus Company, pioneer of the first motorised omnibus, the B-Type. It was their drivers who triumphed over the others in this free-for-all, and it was their victorious crimson fleet that formed the nucleus of the bus division of London Transport.

All is now being reversed. The economic wisdom of the change is much disputed, but there can be no doubt about its aesthetic undesirability.

MATTHEW STURGIS



INSIDERS' LONDON

Awareness of London's architectural wonders often appears restricted to tourist sites. Yet deceptively bland exteriors can hide a wealth of diverse design and detail, as John Freeman found when he spent a year photographing surprises behind the capital's doors.

London is a city of interiors. It is not the easiest place for outside living; the parks are pretty and some of the thoroughfares are grand, but the weather and the general grey demeanour of the London street militate against Continental-style street living. The Londoner does not like to open his home to the public but once you are actually inside there is a wealth of real art and invention to delight the eye and uplift the heart. Nor is it only the older buildings which contain beautiful and eccentric interiors. There are 20th-century homes, shops, restaurants and offices that are just as appealing, sometimes if only because of their diversity and bloody-minded energy.

It was in the late-Victorian magnificence of Wyndham's Theatre that I had the idea of photographing London from the inside, and I knew I wanted a mixture of interiors—private and public, humble and grand.

When I walk around houses like Debenham House I am amazed and delighted by the humour, the humanity and the cleverness with which everyday emotions and ideas and the small change of day-to-day living are symbolised in carving, narrated in decorated tiles, or dramatised

in mosaic or mouldings. The late 19th century and early 20th century have as much to teach us as the classical explorations of the late 18th century.

Learning from the past, discovering and rediscovering earlier architectural styles and the values and ideas they represented, is not only an honourable architectural practice, it is unavoidable. Architecture and the applied arts are communal activities. Thus we see architects as different as Pugin, Barry, Robert Adam, Wren and Inigo Jones revitalising historical precedents. Sometimes the introduction or re-introduction of an architectural style was a matter of fierce ideological or cultural debate. Inigo Jones appeared to have deplored the "provincialism" of English life and sought his inspiration from the Italian architect Palladio. Pugin, on the other hand, was at one with the Victorians who were fierce in their commitment to Gothic, considered by some to be a more English (and patriotic) style.

In this century architecture and interior design have nearly come full circle. In the early 1900s style was the comfortable, expansive, assured excess of Edwardian and Art Nouveau embellishment. This was, in fact, soon challenged by the Edwardians themselves—we forget how exciting modernism was to the Edwardians, to novelists and storytellers like H. G. Wells, for example. The excitement of machinery, of elec-

tricity and, above all, of flying caught the imagination of architects and designers. There was a desire to express modernity (even Edwardian Christmas cards sometimes showed Father Christmas flying in on a bi-plane). Consequently, a harsher, plainer, more machine-smooth, modern classicism emerged. A leading exponent of this was Charles Holden, who by the 1930s was London's most visible modernist.

But styles never evolve smoothly. Wedged between the grace of Edwardiana and the flowering of modernism was Art Deco—that curious mixture of the organic and the geometric. What was striking about the inter-war period was the genuine diversity of style—clients could ask for anything and get it.

However, in the domestic domain the same period saw a great increase in uniformity. The rapid expansion of the suburbs was based on the principle of more of the same. And after the Second World War the principle of uniformity became endemic.

I am attracted to eccentricity, change, individuality, symbolism, metaphor and decoration. Not until the 1980s do I really find these characteristics again—at the point where "modernism" has given way to what the critics call "post-modernism". Post-modernism is not a single style; it is rather an umbrella description beneath which there is a variety of styles, ideas and goals. It may be

that in 20 years' time this period will be seen as a transitional one as architects and designers and their clients feel their way towards decoration and building which express ideas and values that ordinary intelligent people delight in: nature, sex, civic and religious values, fancy, myth and invention. One might argue that too often clients force architects to compromise their designs: English clients can too often, like English people generally, prefer the cosy to the rigorous. Nostalgia (as opposed to a scholarly understanding of the past) is an English disease afflicting not only architecture but culture generally.

The late 20th century is a cruel time for architects: buildings are technically much more complex (they talk, nowadays, of the "intelligent" building). And cost constraints, the need to make less do more and more efficiently, threaten every effort at creating architecture and design that pleases the public. Ours is also an age which does not believe in one dominant set of values and so it is harder than ever to make buildings that mean something positive. Time, of course, makes most passable efforts pleasantly familiar; familiarity makes things comfortable. We must be wary of over-judging too hastily things that appear odd.

Photographs and text from John Freeman's London Revealed (Macdonald Orbis, £16.95).



Other people's obsessions are fascinating, and in an age dominated by the paid specialist and the salaried expert the amateur appears as someone exotic, extreme, almost baffling. Lewis and Joan Lupton are amateurs in the definition of "those who love their work"—they pursue art and praise scholarship for its own sake but they are more than hobbyists. Hobbyists hold no responsibility except to themselves, but amateurs are professionals without profits, and if they are scholars they must be as exacting as if they were being paid or else their efforts are self-defeating, even malignant. Lewis Lupton is not a scholar but a serious amateur historian and he has for years devoted himself to the compilation of a history of the Geneva Bible.

This compilation comprises 21 volumes. The Geneva Bible was written by religious scholars in the 16th century. They had fled from England to Geneva to escape the persecutions conducted under the reign of Queen Mary, who was pressing for a return to Roman Catholicism. Lewis Lupton's history is written out by hand and illustrated by himself. Between 500 to 600 facsimiles of each volume are printed and sent to subscribers all over the world. Lupton is only in part, he insists, a work of original scholarship because he has relied on research in learned journals.

There is a degree of eccentricity in the Lupton house. After all, it is an extravagant, almost vulgar idea to paint a version of the Sistine Chapel ceiling in a London suburban lounge. The painting may be seen, however, as an act of love. The Luptons are religious; Lewis worked for 10 years on the ceiling—every day after tea.

There is an honourable tradition of serving God through work and there is something heroic in such a painstaking enterprise. It decorates the room and it was, as any act of creating religious art can be, an exploration of Lupton's own spiritual feelings. The great white ceiling was an inviting *tabula rasa* just waiting for him to work out his faith in brightly-hued particulars. He says, "There was no particular reason for doing it, only that the room called for such a ceiling."

Joan Lupton is also an artist, and a painter in particular of still-lives. Both have worked in a way that has turned their home into a celebratory piece of art, with the emphasis clearly on cheerfulness, life and optimism.

PRIVATE LIVES

Lewis and Joan Lupton, left, at home in Chiswick with their version of the Sistine Chapel ceiling. Lewis's labour of love took 10 years to complete. "There was no particular reason for doing it, only that the room called for such a ceiling." The scenes are a picture of strength and harmony in a London suburban home.

The artist at work and home. Robert Palmer, below, gave up a comfortable home 23 years ago to live and work in his concrete studio in Chelsea. The absence of hot water, a bathroom and other comforts have not deterred Palmer.

The Royal Borough of Kensington & Chelsea was inspired to build some "Artist Studios" for local artists after the Second World War. Fleming Close was one of these small collections of studios, and in 1966 one of its eight studios was taken by Robert Charles Palmer, a sculptor, with Ruby, his wife. At the mid-point of the country's most hedonistic decade to date Bob went against the grain. He says, "In Richmond where we'd been living, we had all mod cons, but I needed something more primitive." Ruby, however, was initially aghast at the absence of a bathroom. There was no hot water. She fought hard to share Bob's pleasure in the ample concrete floor. Yet their mutual loyalty and support won through. Bob hates the word studio. He says, "This is a workshop by today's standards, a concrete garage with glass at one end." The concept of the studio/workshop is simple but, in Bob's opinion, it is ill-conceived. The ground floor consists of four main studios, each with a small rear garden. Four smaller painters'

studios occupy half the roof area. The floor and ceiling are solid concrete, the walls are bare brick. Austere. Bob admits it gets cold in winter but there are not many homes in which you can mix huge quantities of aluminous concrete—ciment fondu—on the floor with impunity.

Theoretically Fleming Close is non-residential but Bob has always lived as well as worked here. Any early objections were forgotten and he could, in any case, only ever afford one place. Ruby shared it with him until her death in 1986.

He has been a socialist for 60 years and he believes the artist is always in the vanguard of the campaign to improve life for all. He has little patience with Mrs. Thatcher and her version of England. "Her heroes are estate agents. They describe the small corner where the sink is as a kitchenette, as I have put a stove and fridge there. When I'm gone they'll be describing that [the outside lavatory] as a Chelsea studio. Now that estate agents have annexed poetic licence to themselves, who needs artists?"





Film makers like to use this exotic romp of the Debenham House interior for their more sensational scenes. Built in 1905-07, it was designed by Halsey Ricardo, a prominent member of the Art Workers' Guild, itself a child of the Century Guild. He was committed to restoring buildings, crafts and decorative arts to their rightful place beside painting and sculpture.

Externally, with its glazed tiles and Staffordshire bricks, this building was a serious attempt to resist pollution. The *Architectural Review* in 1907 said, "The city dirt has only a precarious lodgement on the glazed surfaces, so that both wind and rain help to keep the house clean."

The interior was a collaboration between Ricardo and Arts and Crafts practitioners. Perhaps the most important influence internally on this house, which was commissioned by Sir Ernest Debenham, was William de Morgan. He worked with William Morris and set up his own pottery in 1869. His speciality was tiles and he revived the craft of lustre (the surface of lustreware is iridescent and metallic).

Symbolism in the architecture is present in the library, where the mahogany bookcase shelves are inlaid with ivory and mother-of-pearl in the form of moths, lilies and pansies. The pansies illustrate the double meaning of the French word *pasie*—pansy and thought. The moths symbolise evening hours, and their small-winged ivory hour-glasses symbolise the flight of time.

Addison Road, WH. Open by appointment only with the Richmond Fellowship. Tel: 0036373.

Planners and architects or, even worse, local politicians often talk about "buildings for people" and "people's palaces". But this extraordinary cinema—the Granada, Tooting—really is a people's palace.

It opened in 1931 and has seating for 4,000 people, and all the interior decoration was designed by Theodore Komisarjevsky, a stage-set designer who studied architecture in Russia and Germany and who was, for a short while, married to Dame Peggy Ashcroft. Of course, it is kitsch—if you accept the idea that kitsch occurs whenever a lot of different styles and artifacts are raided and put together in a *mélange*. But examples of pure styles are rare, and some of the best interiors show a multiplicity of influences. Moreover, one can hardly call



this cinema a *mélange*. On the contrary, the Granada is a well-composed interior with a series of visual rhythms—the interior is like a pool with ripples flowing from a still centre.

Like many of the old picture houses, it could not withstand the competition of television and became unprofitable. Fortunately it has escaped the customary fate of being destroyed or redeveloped and still retains much of its original splendour.

The sheer size of the Granada and the elaborate nature of the design, with its rounded and pointed arches, produce an almost cathedral-like quality. In fact, at its peak the cinema must have seemed a veritable temple of entertainment. It undoubtedly deserves its preservation, but its current use as the largest bingo

hall in the country gives some sense of its decline.

The style is Gothic with a flavour of Moorish influence. It is full of fakes and illusions, but then it is designed to be like a dream.

Much has been written of the cleverness, the detailing, the artifice of modern people's palaces such as the vast shopping malls and hypercentres, but none of them match the splendour of this interior. Again it is all a matter of confidence. Modern interior designers are far too busy being worried about what their peers and the design press will say about them—their work is too full of "quotations" and "ironic details". No one has pulled off a stunning pastiche like the Granada for years. *Open Monday to Saturday.*

THE GRAND SCULLE
Bingo tables nestle among fantasy at the Granada, Tooting. The former theatre is decorated with murals that suggest Arthurian legends.

THE DECORATIVE TRADITION
Mosaic scenes in Debenham House, Jar left, depict battles from Greek mythology as well as profiles of the Debenham family in this hall.



MOMENTS PRESERVED

Gothic and Venetian architecture disguises the business carried out at Abbey Mills pumping station. The Rodinsky Room, in the Spitalfields Synagogue, right, will always be a poignant reminder of the building's last caretaker.

Water authorities are among the most important and conscientious of public servants – apart from seeing that we have safe drinking water, they also exercise important conservation and environmental policies. The seriousness and pleasure with which they have taken their responsibilities has been traditionally reflected in the quality of their architecture and engineering. Many of the most elegant utilitarian buildings have been commissioned by water authorities (a tradition which still continues).

The Abbey Mills Pumping Station is beautiful and almost cathedral-like. But, lest one runs away with romantic notions, the scale of the building was determined by the size of the original beam engines – these were leviathans. Their beams were 40 feet long and the fly wheels were 28 feet in diameter.

The architecture is both Gothic and Venetian in influence (appropriate given the connection with water) and the style was influenced by the teachings of John Ruskin, who combined art criticism with social and economic theory – the visual vocabulary of a public building and how it expressed its purpose and the values of its service was therefore of considerable interest to him. In a sense this building, by Bazalgette and Cooper (engineer and architect respectively), is a piece of Victorian “hypocrisy” the graciousness disguises the fact that the station deals with sewage. But heaven protect us from those who feel a building’s function should be expressed too literally. The Victorians tempered civil engineering with courtesy.

Abbey Lane, E15. Open by appointment only with Thames Water Authority.
Tel: 01-741 1200.



The centrepiece of Spitalfields is Christ Church, designed by Nicholas Hawksmoor (1661-1736), but among the lesser buildings are some beautiful Georgian houses, such as No 17 and No 19 Princelet Street. These have some fascinating detail and in what was the garden of No 19 there is a synagogue.

Fortunately Spitalfields is a conservation area and these two houses are now a study centre. The history of Spitalfields is a mixture of hope and misery, poverty and wealth. Three waves of immigrants have made their homes here over 200 years – first the Huguenots; then came the Jews from Eastern Europe and, today, Spitalfields is home to many Asian immigrants.

At Jewish immigrants settled during the 19th century they established London’s “minor” synagogues – congregations met in modified houses or in converted chapels. In 1865 No 19 was acquired and converted to become a purpose-built synagogue which opened in 1870.

The rebuilding involved the creation of a vestry hall and a gallery for women, and the building of separate kitchens for milk and meat foods. Natural lighting was provided by a lantern skylight and windows, supplemented at first by gas lamps and then, in 1902, by electric light. For 100 years the synagogue had a major part in Jewish religious and community life but in 1970 it amalgamated with the Bethnal Green Great Synagogue. This development was curious in that the Spitalfields synagogue was simply shed; it was abandoned lock, stock and barrel.

This was a bonus for the Spitalfields Trust when it set out restoring the two buildings in 1983: “The synagogue was simply left standing, even its liturgical literature and archives, with vestments and furniture in their places, though deteriorating under a leaking roof.”

The last caretaker of the synagogue was David Rodinsky. He lived alone in the attic of No 19 and this room is to be preserved as the Rodinsky Room. He was a second-generation immigrant, whose parents were from Poland. In 1969, in his early 40s, he simply left the house and disappeared. Already there is something of a myth about him: some say he was a scholar, others that he was simple and possibly a little odd. All agree that he was a recluse.

19 Princelet Street, ECI. Open Monday & Tuesday 10am-1pm, 2-5pm.

There are some pubs in the City that it is almost impossible to find empty at lunchtime. The Blackfriar is one of these, standing wedge-shaped opposite Blackfriars Bridge.

This unusual public house was built in 1875 on the site of the Black Friars Monastery. It is the only Art Nouveau pub in London and the outside, designed by Henry Poole in 1903, is decorated with attractive mosaics and small stone figures of mischievously grinning monks. Its ground-floor area was remodelled in 1905 by H. Fuller Clark. The architectural historian Pevsner said it was “the best pub in the Arts and Crafts fashion in London”.

Today’s regular hustle and bustle is a far cry from the peace and tranquillity that would have

characterised the former occupants of the site. But we are constantly reminded of them on the walls inside, which feature bronze figures of monks performing their daily tasks.

At the far side of the main bar the beautifully-figured marble arches lead into an inner sanctum, lined throughout with more mirrors and gold and coloured mosaics. Yet more monks busy themselves on the upper walls.

Words of wisdom encircle the sanctum: “Scize Occasions”, “Haste Is Slow”, “Industry Is All” and “Don’t Advertise It. Tell A Gossip”. Another, “Silence Is Golden”, seems particularly incongruous against the loud hum of voices.

Open weekdays during licensing hours.

Words of wisdom surround the drinker who ventures into the inner sanctum of the Blackfriar pub, built in 1875 on the site of the Black Friars monastery.





The history of architecture (and design) is filled with stories of awkward clients and obdurate architects—the latter insisting that they know best and getting upset if their clients “compromise” their work. But the Crucial Design partnership of Joshua and Kitty Bowler always seek to provide exactly what the client wants.

Club 2000, a Crucial Design commission, is intended for the glitzy young—men and women who are in one of the media and advertising trades or in the music business. Such people, hard-working, ambitious and bright, nonetheless like the *frisson* of rebellion. Hence the anti-design style of the 1980s is a fashionable favourite. This style probably had its roots in the Punk movement of the 1970s. And there is another factor. The English (being a generally ugly race) are tolerant of and even excited by ugliness. Hence the English seem to take the scrap and junk aesthetic very much to heart.

It is also instructive to compare these decorations to the work of William Burges because, in the late 20th century, if we want elaborate ornament, then we have to make do with ready-made, mass-produced bits and pieces—plastic moulded figures, bit of cars and the like—which, whammed together, create a pastiche of 19th-century craftsmanship. The jumpy, erratic “cut and splice” feel to the design is appropriate to the music business clientele, especially that part of it brought up on videos—the setting here is like a montage of video pictures.

99 Wardour Street, W1.

INTO THE 20TH CENTURY

The car that emerges from the wall of Club 2000 is part of the anti-design style used with great effect by Joshua and Kitty Bowler.

Bar stools made from recycled gearboxes complete the raw look.

EDWARDIAN GLORY

The full splendour of the Warrington Hotel's bar, with its mahogany base and marble top, cherubs overlooking drinkers and supporting a canopy of swirling Art Nouveau figures. It is an elaborate place to drink.



The Warrington Hotel is a fine example of an Edwardian bar, beautifully kept up and a living rebuke to those landlords and breweries who are turning good bars and public houses into romper rooms for the trendy young.

The dominant style in this bar is probably best described as Art Nouveau—swirling figures painted above the bar exhibit all the Art Nouveau tendencies: attenuated forms, curving, flowing lines, lots of long rippling hair and a flavour of decadence.

What is especially intriguing about this bar is its altar-like arrangement; this is drinking in the round in some glory beneath a canopy held up by a pair of cherub-like, aquatic boys provoking a mood of alcoholic reverie. Warrington Crescent, W9. Open daily during licensing hours.

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EMILY LLOYD AND THE SHOWGIRL

She is still an ebullient teenager, but Emily Lloyd has grown up considerably since George Perry first met her as the 16-year-old star of Wish You Were Here. Now working on her next film, Chicago Joe and the Showgirl, in which she plays a murderer's moll, he finds a lot has happened to her in those busy three years.



"Oh! I look amazing, don't I?" said Emily Lloyd in her carefree wig, wearing a fur coat sodden from studio rain, underneath it a print dress, her legs in seamed nylon stockings, teetering perilously on streetwalker's heels. "When I whip the wig off and the Pinewood cleaning ladies see it's just me underneath they say: 'Oh, what a let-down.'"

She has a nice line in self-deprecation, although she clearly does not mean it. Nor should she. She has just turned 19 and is a big success, not only in Britain, but across the Atlantic where it really counts. Of the handful of young British actresses currently making their way she stands out from the rest, not because she is technically better, but because she has

that gutsy ebullience, the ineffable, brash self-confidence that betokens a star. It usually falls on Americans more readily than on the reticent British.

A bouncy little teenager, blue-eyed and blonde, and an energetic fidget with a forceful sense of humour, she is the antithesis of the sort of British actress usually admired in America for their classical seriousness: Glenda, Judi, Maggie, Dame Peggy and so on. For comparisons one should look instead to the young Diana Dors, or Kay Kendall, or the delightfully vivacious Jessie Matthews of the early 30s.

Emily has acting in her bones; the face of her grandfather Charles Lloyd-Pack is familiar to anyone who watches old British films on television, he was invariably the butler or the trusty old family friend. His son and Emily's father, Roger Lloyd Pack, is a stalwart performer, probably best known to the population at large for his television role of Trigger in *Only Fools and Horses*. Her mother was a dresser for the Royal Shakespeare Company when she met him, and their marriage was over by the time Emily was three.

Emily stayed with her mother, who spent 10 years as Harold Pinter's personal assistant, but has retained a close, constant relationship with her father and the family of his second marriage. Her mother also remarried although it did not last.

The fractured family relationship deprived her of a settled childhood. Her talent was noticeable as early as five in a primary-school play. But schooldays were not the happiest of her life, since she was and is a natural rebel. She attended several different establishments where she spent a lot of time standing outside classroom doors for talking out of turn.

Aware that a theatrical education would probably suit her better than cramming for A levels, her parents finally installed her in the Italia Conti school, but even the orthodoxy there was not to her taste. Their ideal old girl, she complains, is someone like Bonnie Langford. She was particularly scornful of a class where the pupils had to impersonate the contents of a chocolate box. "I'm an orange cream," "I'm a caramel," they each intoned in turn. "I'm stale," said Emily, and made for the door.

When she was 15 her father's agent heard that the writer David Leland was casting the first film he was to direct, *Wish You Were Here*, which he was basing on the teen years, in a dull south-coast resort, of Cynthia Payne, the renowned luncheon-voucher hostess of Streatham. Emily went up for it and was surprised to

find that she had landed the part. She began filming on the day she turned 16. It was an extraordinary début. She took control of the role in such a way that it was impossible to imagine it played by anyone else.

The bored 16-year-old girl she was portraying, in dismal, prudish, early-50s Britain, had discovered that sex was her greatest asset, that men would become complaisant and silly if she allowed them to see her stocking-tops and suspenders. Inevitably she became pregnant and defiantly decided to have the child at a time when unmarried motherhood did not go down well with the bourgeoisie of the bowling green. Her combination of rebellious scorn and childish innocence accounted for the most astonishing first appearance since Carroll Baker and *Baby Doll* in 1956.

It was hard going back to school after that, and she abandoned academe when it became clear that she was now looked on as the most promising newcomer in the British cinema. She was no shrinking violet, blushing demurely when confronted by the Press. At Cannes she had them at her feet, providing yards of printable copy every time she opened her mouth and demonstrating a quick vocal wit that bubbles spontaneously and unexpectedly. Her looks may already have been those of a young woman, but essentially she was still a mischievous child.

The Americans loved her. She was whisked off to New York and Los Angeles. She went on *Tonight with Johnny Carson*, the most influential shop-window for aspiring talent on American television. She met Al Pacino, Richard Gere and Mickey Rourke and went bowling with Charlie Sheen. Steven Spielberg invited her to call on him at his rambling adobe-style headquarters. And she was offered American parts—after only one British film. For the first into production, in New York, she beat Jodie Foster and Sissy Spacek for the role.

"I love New York," she still says, having now spent some time there. "I want to have a home there and one in London. Then I'll have the best of both."

The director of the film, *Cookie*, was Susan Seidelman, who made *Desperately Seeking Susan*. Lloyd was called upon to play a streetwise Brooklynite with a father freshly out of jail for the first time in 17 years. Her North London accent was traded for the nasal des-dem-n'dose tones of the working-class New Yorker.

"I'm a street punk. Everything I do is cool. I wear cool clothes, cool make-up and cool sun-glasses." She got to the point where she desperately wanted to be un-cool, to behave spontaneously. Peter Falk, who plays her father, was played a

Emily Lloyd in *Chicago Joe and the Showgirl*; based on a notorious 1940s murder.



CLIVE COOTE

A vivacious and energetic teenager, she comes from a family with a long tradition of acting.

particular scene and slapped her with unrestrained vigour, catching her by surprise. She recovered and socked him back, a reaction that had the crew on her side. Strangely, she got on better with him after that, although he never recovered his popularity with the others.

Her next film, also yet to be released in Britain, required another regional American accent. *In Country*, from a novel by Bobbie Ann Mason and directed by Norman Jewison, is set in Paducah, Kentucky and Emily plays a rural girl whose father was killed in Vietnam. Her co-star, Bruce Willis, plays her uncle, a traumatised war veteran. Taking the part was a risk; to do it she turned down the role of Mandy Rice-Davies in the British film *Scandal*. For all her knicker-flashing in *Wish You Were Here*, she was not happy that one scene as Mandy would have required her to be topless.

But the British cinema, now in one of its fitful phases, with production markedly down on last year, has reclaimed her, albeit perhaps briefly. *Chicago Joe and the Showgirl*, the second film to be directed by Bernard Rose, a National Film and Television School graduate, and written by David Yallop, is an imaginative reconstruction of a notorious London murder case in the closing months of the Second World War. The producer is Tim Bevan, who made *My Beautiful Laundrette*, and the leading parts are played by the young American star Kiefer Sutherland, son of Donald, as a GI on the run in Britain, and Emily Lloyd as his moll.

The facts of the case are that an

American deserter met a young stripper in London. He told her that he was one of Al Capone's aides, she told him that she was an up-and-coming movie actress. For a few days the wretched youngsters, each living out a bizarre wish-fulfilment fantasy, in which they were deceiving not only each other but also themselves, cruised the grubby, war-racked streets of West London in a stolen army vehicle, committing minor robberies and one brutal assault on a girl whom they left for dead, although she recovered to testify at their trial. Their spree ended on a wet night when a private-hire driver picked them up near Olympia. They drove out towards Staines and shot him.

The Press called it the "Cleft-Chin Murder", on account of a facial characteristic of the victim. The couple were quickly arrested, being too guileless to cover their tracks, and the trial report filled the tightly-rationed wartime newspapers. Thirty-six hours before she was due to be hanged, the girl was reprieved, but the man went to the gallows, the only American serviceman to be executed by the British. When the woman came out of prison many years later, she sold her memoirs to the *Sunday Dispatch*.

"Do you know what happened to her after that?" I asked Emily Lloyd. "Yes, she went religious and became a nurse and died a few years ago. That's what I've heard."

The film is being pushed along at a furious pace by its energetic young director, who is not only on a tight budget but is anxious to have it out soon after Christmas. A Pinewood sound stage has been

filled with a mid-40s London street; at one end the gaunt gable of Hammersmith Metropolitan Line station, at the other a semi-blitzed row of shabby shops.

The scene before the camera is the crucial moment when the hire-car driver stops in the pouring rain and offers the couple a lift. Water drenches the set from a dozen roof sprinklers and between takes there is a three-inch layer of water across the floor. Both actors have to endure a total soaking each time, and—after they have been dried—go through it all again because a new camera angle is required. Her throat is giving trouble, stifling her cheerful garrulousness, and she even passes up an invitation to do a set interview for the BBC's *Film 90*.

She still lives with her mother, just off King's Road in Chelsea, and would seem not to have a steady boyfriend, although socially she is much in demand. She veers from a Peter-Pan insistence that she wants to stay the innocent, fun-loving teenager for ever, and the realisation that her rapid ascent has actually deprived her of that period in her life.

Inevitably she is changing, and beginning to appreciate that her career will need careful pacing if she is not to be a back-number by 26. There are many projects under discussion, including the possibility of a film with Cher. "I've been working so hard. I really want to take a rest after this. And," she says, dropping into a posh, actressy voice, "I really would like to do some the-atah, you know." □

George Perry is Films Editor of *The Sunday Times*

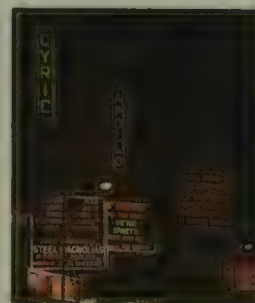
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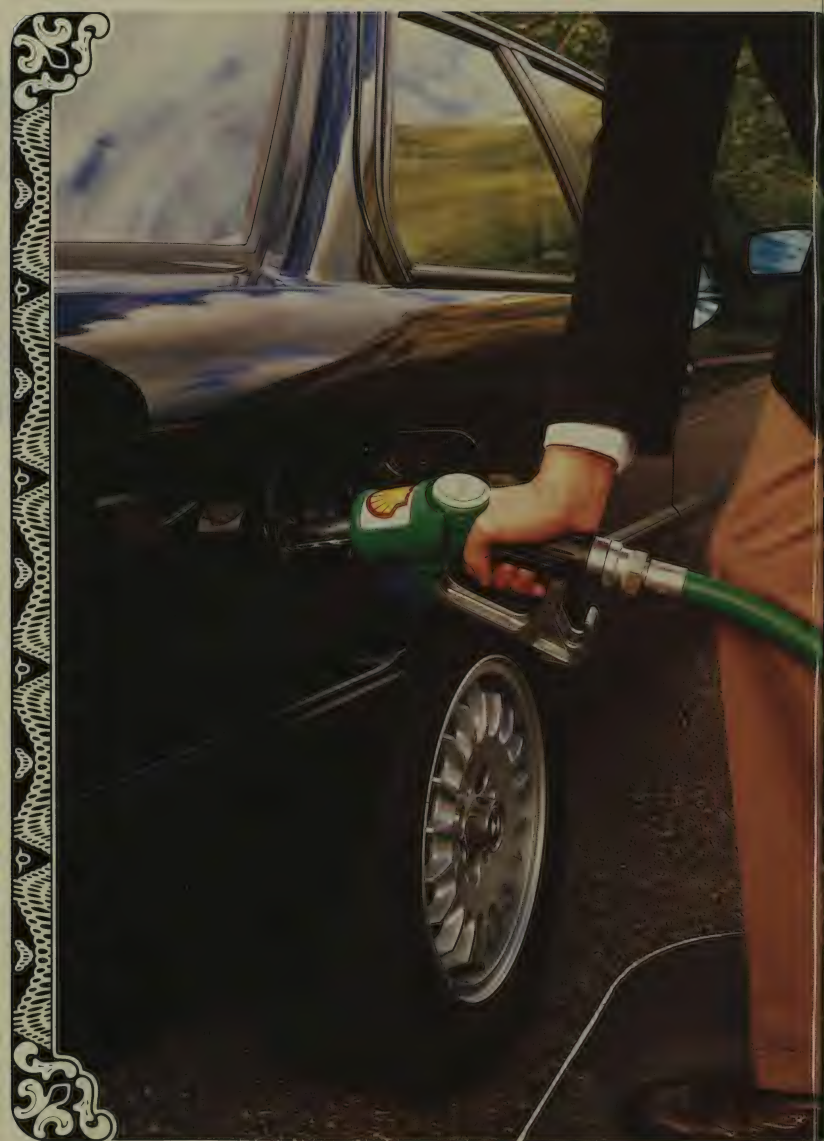
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BOTANICAL THEATRE

Brinsley Burbidge chooses the best of today's botanical artists, who produce works of art combining beauty with scientific accuracy. He ranks them with the great illustrators of the past.

S

ome time ago I was talking to a biological illustrator about the one great but inevitable disappointment of a career in which she was otherwise totally fulfilled. No matter how excellent her composition, how faultless her technique, how glowing her colours, her work would never receive the accolade of a frame, or the invitation to admire it by being displayed in a gallery or living room. I myself would gladly have hung these wonderfully-executed dissections of human beings on my dining-room wall, but who would have stayed for dinner?

Happily for the small circle of botanical illustrators, who meticulously reproduce flowers and plants in paint, their work is in demand for both its academic and artistic merits—even though the demands of the craft and their approach to the subject are the same. The aim of the botanical illustrator is the accurate representation of the plant, which often has to be prised apart, dissected and magnified to draw attention to scientifically significant details. The illustrator functions as a very special type of camera, able selectively to emphasise or enlarge a petal, a stamen or a leaf, to show to best advantage precisely the

Arisaema costatum, left, a handsome plant painted by Pandora Sellars from a specimen collected on a Kew expedition to eastern Nepal. Another Sellars illustration, shown on previous page, depicts *Paphiopedilum venustum*. Marjorie Blaney's painting, right, shows the only surviving British plant of the ladies' slipper orchid, *Cypripedium calceolus*.





information which will permit one species to be distinguished from another or allow the unambiguous determination of a plant's identity.

Generations of botanical students have done exactly this and have produced unexciting but accurate drawings of their subjects as an important aid to seeing what is before them, but few of their illustrations survive the destructive shredding of notes which usually follows student examinations. I know some whose work was of a higher calibre and who have continued to illustrate their scientific work later in life. I even know one or two who were trained as scientists but have made it into the first division of illustrators. Their work is admired not only for its fidelity to the subject but also for its great beauty.

However most of the leading illustrators are graduates of art schools or are self-trained as painters or illustrators and have later focused their attention on the plant kingdom. They have usually acquired a basic knowledge of botany by reading, but much of their scientific knowledge has been absorbed on the job, working in close collaboration with scientists. I use the term first-division botanical illustrator to describe those who have a broad botanical knowledge, a willingness to satisfy the constraints of botanical accuracy and a superior illustrative skill. But that is not all, for they must also produce pictures which stand in their own right as paintings to be enjoyed and, to use a subjective term in relation to this objective activity, which must be works of art.

I know whom I regard as the finest botanical illustrators but I asked for the view of Victoria Matthews who edits *Kew Magazine*, a journal which has published botanical illustrations almost without interruption since 1787. Miss Matthews gave me her list of the outstanding botanical illustrators of today. It reveals a surprising feature. As we would expect, Western Europeans, the Americans and Japanese feature strongly, and most of them were art-school trained, but the real surprise is that almost all are women.

The reasons for this sexual bias are often financial and social rather than the offensive view that flower painting is "woman's work". Botanical illustration is essentially a buyer's market with a wealth of talent in need of the improvement which only experience can bring. That experience is acquired only by those who are successful in finding a buyer for their skills, and buyers are unfortunately few in number. The price paid for such work, however skilled,

remains low and attracts only those who have other means of livelihood. It is therefore a sad comment on the liberated latter years of the 20th century that such talent mostly flourishes among what is almost a leisured élite.

Scientific institutions, principally botanic gardens, are the main buyers. For example, the Royal Botanic Gardens, Kew, which formerly employed a full-time botanical artist, now uses a dozen or more freelance illustrators. Some of their work is published in journals with a small but loyal readership, such as the *Kew Magazine*, but most of it appears, if at all, in the pages of academic journals which are read world-wide but only by a few interested botanists in each country. Some of the best work is published in illustrated books on wild and garden plants but, again, the market is small even though the rewards are greater. A few illustrators are "discovered" by commercial galleries and take the first step on the shaky ladder that leads to modest fame and, if not a fortune, at least an income.

Circumstances conspire against this demanding art being widely appreciated and perpetuate its undervaluation. As most of the best paintings lie unseen in our national scientific institutions, accessible only to the most determined researcher, they will never be widely known and appreciated. Consequently, in the eyes of the commercial gallery, there is "no demand for them" simply because no one knows they exist.

Wilfrid Blunt, in his scholarly and indispensable book *The Art of Botanical Illustration*, published in 1950, says: "It must perhaps remain an open question as to who was the greatest botanical artist of all time, though I myself would unhesitatingly give the first place to Francis Bauer." I have seen much of the work of Francis Bauer in the collections at Kew and in the Natural History Museum and agree that the skills of this remarkable man, who was born in 1758 near Vienna but settled in England, have never been surpassed. But they have certainly been equalled by several living painters.

I give the place of first among equals to Pandora Sellars. Botanists and art lovers, on seeing her work, have been provoked to superlatives ever since it became known 15 years ago in Frances Le Sueur's *Flora of Jersey* and on stamps from that island. Pandora Sellars's background is that of a textile designer but her meticulous and accurate technique combined with her love of wild and greenhouse plants (especially orchids and arums) create what I have heard

Gustavia augusta,
from the Rio
Amazonas in Brazil,
far left, was
painted by Margaret
Mee in 1985.
Mauritia palms,
orchids,
bromeliads and a
white egret
form a wonderful
background.



Christabel King's
ability to portray
spiny plants, such as
the cactus
Echinocereus viereckii,
above, is
unsurpassed. Her
work reflects the mix
of talent and
scientific accuracy
that makes a great
botanical
illustrator. Such
talent made her a
worthy winner
of the Jill Smythies
award for
outstanding botanical
illustration.



Anne Farrer's superb painting of *Pinus wallichiana*, above, was first exhibited at a Royal Horticultural Society show last year. It was later bought by the Society for its Lindley Library collection. A common culinary object like the onion, right, is transformed into something special by Rory McEwen.



described as "spectacular botanical theatre". No one has ever painted leaves with more skill.

Ann Farrer and Christabel King are in the same league, each with a specific excellence, the latter for her remarkable portrayal of spiny plants, the former for an astonishing precision in all her paintings. Both have received the Jill Smythies award for outstanding botanical illustration from the Linnean Society.

Mary Grierson and Joanna Langhorne were both official botanical artists at Kew and both combined a scientist's eye for accuracy with a painterly sense of composition to produce pictures of breath-taking beauty. In alphabetical order I will complete my first team with Mary Bates, Jill Coombs, Claire Dalby, Mark Fothergill, Coral Guest, Jenny Jowett, Valerie Price and Jessica Tcherepnin—only one man among them. Three other names deserve mention. Rory McEwen and Margaret Mee, who died in 1982 and 1988 respectively, rank with the best. Marjorie Blamey, who is very much alive, is probably the most prolific of contemporary botanical painters. Her work is aimed at publication in popular books and field guides rather than in the more academic works which are the target for the others I have mentioned. Marjorie Blamey is the answer to every publisher's prayer for the perfect illustrator: she is accurate, immensely hard-working, fast, untemperamental and she has an astonishing ability to design a beautiful page from an uninspiring handful of British weeds.

Where can you see, and perhaps buy, work by these accomplished artists if you have neither the time nor the persistence to visit the libraries and collections of our botanic gardens and museums? A few commercial galleries occasionally show their illustrations. The Royal Horticultural Society provides exhibition space for botanical paintings in its halls in Vincent Square, London SW1, and awards medals for excellence. At Kew we have just begun to show the work of the best contemporary and historical botanical illustrators and flower painters in exhibitions at the newly opened Kew Gardens Gallery, both to make such paintings better known and to provide space where artists can sell their work.

Persistence in seeking out these galleries and exhibitions will be rewarded by an introduction to the art of those whose talents transcend the uncompromising scientific demand to "get it right" □ Dr Brinsley Burbidge is head of the Information and Exhibition department at the Royal Botanic Gardens, Kew.

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Lanson. L'enchanteur.



The 20th century recedes with astonishing speed as you move away from Portugal's resort beaches and big cities. You may imagine you have stepped back into the Middle Ages or an even more remote time. In the hinterlands of the Minho, Trás-os-Montes (behind the mountains) and the Beira regions in the north, medieval villages of granite-block houses cling to the sides of mountains or hide away in valleys. Ruins of ancient *castros* (fortified hilltop towns occupied in turn by the Iberians, Celts, Lusitanians and, finally, by the Romans) stand as they have for 2,000 years.

Pre-Celtic and Celtic beliefs are still held in many areas. Centuries-old fertility rites and superstitions persist, having been only partly absorbed by the Catholic Church. Traces of devil worship remain, and the *bruxas* (witches) and *curandeiros* (medicine men) are consulted on matters of sickness and love, or for casting spells.

Portugal's farms are usually very small. Each plot is surrounded by a stone wall, giving the land a chequerboard appearance. Many farmers till the land with primitive wooden tools, make their own cheeses and cure ham over open wood fires in their kitchens, which may also contain a well. In the summer they often leave their village to take their flocks into the mountains, remaining there until the autumn. In some areas communitarian life has carried on since tribal times: all the fields, grain, cattle, ovens and mills are held in common and tasks are handed out by village elders.

Near the coast the land is green and is bisected by many rivers flowing into the Atlantic. Its shores are lined with tiny fishing villages where brightly painted, high-proved boats, used to brave the rough waters of the Atlantic, are drawn up on shore.

Aveiro, one of the most unusual cities on this unusual coast, is criss-crossed by canals like an Atlantic Venice. It sits on the Ria de Aveiro salt-water lagoon, which was cut off from the sea by storms in the 16th century. The Ria is a misty, eerie place where many people still live by gathering seaweed from their colourful, square-sailed boats called *moliceiros*. Others live by collecting salt or by fishing. On the Atlantic side of the Ria, fishermen and their families continue to launch their boats into the high waves to trawl for fish. The younger children are usually tied to the rowlocks to keep them from being swept into the sea. The nets are pulled back to shore by yoked oxen.

Farther south, at Nazaré, the fishermen—thought to be descendants of the Phoenicians—also still brave the waves in open boats. They are a colourful sight



TIMELESS PORTUGAL

Rural life has barely changed over the centuries in writer Martha

le la Cal's adopted country. Photographs: Bruno Barbey/Magnum.

A family of gypsies camped out in Viana de Alentejo. Gypsies driving horse-drawn carts, followed by their dogs, are a common sight.



A peasant travelling at ease on a donkey, above, seeks relief from the sun behind an umbrella, on the approach to Mértola, on the Guadiana River, in the wide, hot spaces of the Alentejo region. Not far away, a goatherd, his dogs and his flock, below, traverse the rugged, hilly terrain in search of new pastures.



A lone pig-farmer and his herd of black pigs, above, cross the featureless plain to their grazing grounds among the chestnut groves at Moura in the Alentejo region near the Spanish border. A hunter and goatherd, below, cuts a comical figure as he returns to his home near Portel, also situated in the Alentejo.







Yoked oxen, above, drag a fishing boat onto the beach at Alveiro. The striking features, left, of one of the Nazare fishermen, who are thought to be descended from the Phoenicians. Overleaf, pilgrims at Fatima, some of whom have walked hundreds of kilometres, burn votive wax figurines after dark.

in their traditional knee-length plaid trousers, bright shirts and stocking caps, and their wives lend a dramatic touch in their long, black shawls. On the cliffs above the beaches ruined forts, built as protection against English, Algerian and Dutch pirates, stand like sentinels.

In spite of its general backwardness and remoteness, the north of the country is strikingly beautiful. Free from the earthquakes that have plagued Lisbon and the south, it abounds in ancient monuments and Romanesque, Gothic, Renaissance, Manueline and baroque churches. Roman roads, bridges, buildings and even whole cities, like Conimbriga near Coimbra, are everywhere. The museums are treasure houses of religious art and historic artifacts. Prehistoric dolmens stand dramatically in open fields, testimony to pagan rites.

The roads are bordered by quaint little towns, vineyards or spectacular gorges. Around nearly every corner you will encounter something picturesque: teams of oxen with carved and painted yokes pulling carts piled high with lumber; groups of women carrying enormous loads on their heads or washing clothes in a river and spreading them out to dry. You may come across a lively village festival, or, if you are up the Douro river in the valley where the

grapes are grown to make port, you may see lines of men snaking along the steep, granite hillsides carrying huge baskets of grapes on their shoulders, or treading the grapes in enormous vats. You might even decide to take the waters at one of the numerous spas with their turn-of-the-century hotels dripping brocade, chandeliers and atmosphere.

Some of the most attractive places to visit are the manor houses where guests may stay. Many were built by noblemen who helped found Portugal as a nation in the 12th century. Some boast that a king has slept there. Others are imposing 16th- to 18th-century manors with baronial halls, chapels and their own vineyards and wine cellars. Some of the most impressive are around the historic town of Ponte de Lima on the Lima river, spanned by an arched Roman bridge.

Probably the best way to see the north is by using the scenic trains, which are relics from another age. The Douro Line leaves Porto and follows the river to the Spanish border through a gorge lined with port vineyards and a wild and lonely nature reserve. The Vouga Line follows the Vouga River from Aveiro through the mountains to Viseu. The train, built in 1908, moves along at a stately 25 kilometres an hour. The Corgo Line follows the Atlantic coast north to

the Spanish border through walled towns like 12th-century Valença. The line with most character is the Tua which goes from Douro through two mountain ranges to Bragança in the remote north-east. It has a coal-fuelled steam engine and wild-west-style wooden carriages.

The festivals reflect Portugal's ancient past, mixed as they are with pagan rites and religion. For example, black chickens are offered to Saint Bartholomew during a pilgrimage to his shrine in Esposende in August, and children who are sick or stammer or are believed to have been possessed by the devil are dunked in the sea. The pilgrimage to the shrine of Saint Gonçalo, a 10th-century priest, in Amarante is for unmarried women. Two carved black devils which were once worshipped in the region stand in the town's Albano Sardoeira museum. Hundreds of women go there each year to kiss his image and pray for a husband.

In Braga the festival of Saint John, in June, has vestiges of its origin as a rite of the summer solstice: herbs are thrown on bonfires to make divinations. Elsewhere there are processions to bless boats and cattle, sword dances, battles between Moors and Christians and medieval plays. "Blessed oxen", bedecked with flowers, and "giants of the forest", huge fantastic figures, play prominent roles.



But the most famous pilgrimage is to Fatima, near the remote spot surrounded by caves where three shepherd children claimed a vision of the Virgin Mary spoke to them on May 13, 1917, and five times thereafter. Fatima has become one of the most important Marian shrines in the world. Hundreds of thousands of pilgrims gather there in May and October to worship and light candles in the basilica square at night or burn votive wax figurines. You can see pilgrims crawling along the roads to the shrine carrying huge crosses or stones to fulfil vows. Some walk hundreds of kilometres and camp at the shrine.

Portugal's two great national parks, the Peneda-Geres in the far north, and the Serra da Estrela in the mountainous east, are among the least explored regions in Europe. In Peneda-Geres you can still see Luso-Galician wild ponies and other diminishing species like deer, wolves and wild cats running free. The park is the home of hundreds of different varieties of plants and birds. Semi-deserted towns sit in the mists on top of its mountains. A spa with charming, turn-of-the-century hotels stands on the site of old Roman baths. In the Serra da Estrela park time seems to have stood still since 192BC when its mountains were the last redoubt of the Lusitanians, who were led by the shepherd-warrior Viriato against the invading Romans. Black-clad shepherds still herd their flocks as they did then. Their wives make the highly-prized mountain cheeses, *queijo da Serra*, using centuries-old methods.

You should not leave the north without visiting one of the Iron Age *castros*. The most interesting and accessible is the Citânia de Briteiros, near Braga and Guimarães, with its many round stone houses, funeral monuments and granite carvings. The inhabitants also sculpted figures out of blocks of granite—mostly Lusitanian warriors and wild boars, of which 138 have been found. The most famous stands in the town park at Murça. Most of the artifacts from the site are in the Martins Sarmiento Museum in Guimarães.

Some of the most interesting towns in the north are: Guimarães, rich in historic monuments, where the Portuguese nation was born in 1147; Braga, called Bracara Augusta by the Romans, which has more than 300 churches and has been the religious centre of Portugal for hundreds of years; Viana do Castelo, on the sea, which has a beautifully preserved city centre; Vila do Conde, with one of the oldest boatyards in Europe and Chaves, founded in AD78 by the Roman emperor Vespasian, which is now a spa. Miranda do Douro, with an interesting cathedral, is the only town with its own

dialect; Bragança has the best-preserved castle in Portugal, with tales of princesses shut up in towers and sieges by the Moors; and Porto, the ancient city at the mouth of the Douro, from which port has been shipped for centuries.

The south contrasts with the north in its topography, houses and way of life, but it also gives the impression of another time. Except for the narrow Algarve coast, cut off from the rest by mountains, it is a rolling plain dotted with olive, holm oak and cork trees. Along the Spanish border there are groves of chestnut, walnut and pine trees, under which herds of black pigs and flocks of sheep and goats graze, tended by shepherds in sheepskin jackets or long capes. Along the little-travelled roads near the border, each town has a fort that guarded the frontier for centuries against the Spaniards from across the Guadiana River.

The south is cattle- and horse-country—not the Algarve, a softer land immersed in its tourist industry and fruit growing, but the wide, hot spaces of the Ribatejo and Alentejo regions. Here you are never far from herds of bulls and horses. During festivals—which are more like agricultural fairs than religious events—bulls are let loose in the village streets to chase the young men. In the ring the bulls are usually fought on horseback by *cavaleiros* in the 18th-century costume, but the bull is not killed.

During harvest-time, you will see men stripping the cork from the trees by hand and stacking it neatly into piles. Portuguese cork was used by the Greeks and Romans for bottle-stoppers 2,000 years ago. They also used Portuguese marble and copper, which are still mined in the Alentejo today.

The influence of Roman and Moorish occupation is very evident in the Alentejo. There are some impressive Roman ruins in the south: Miróbriga near Santiago do Cacém and the Temple of Diana in Évora. The Moorish influence is present in the blue rims painted around doors and windows in the low, white houses to ward off the "evil eye". Évora overflows with monuments and churches. Serpa, famous for its cheeses, has interesting medieval buildings. Elvas, the walled city that resisted countless attacks by the Spaniards, has an impressive 17th-century aqueduct. The castle ramparts of tiny Marvão, on its pinnacle by the Spanish border, overlook the country for miles around.

At Sagres, on Cape Saint Vincent, the westernmost tip of the Algarve, you can stand on the cliffs where Prince Henry the Navigator is said to have had his famous school and watched his ships sail away on their historic voyages of discovery down the coast of Africa □



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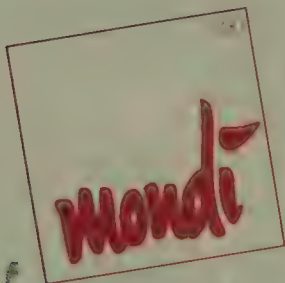
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RENEAU

FERRE STRIKES GOLD

Suzy Menkes meets the Italian couturier and former architect who is causing a stir in the Paris fashion world as the new chief designer of the Christian Dior empire.

A black coat, with nipped-in waist and full skirt, teeters elegantly down the runway. It could have been a model from Paris fashion's New Look—the 1947 collection that won Christian Dior his place in the pantheon.

But this was July, 1989. And the Italian designer Gianfranco Ferré was showing the first collection he had created for the house of Christian Dior. Ferré, a reserved 44-year-old, received the coveted Golden Thimble award for his show. It was quite an achievement,

given that he was a foreigner in chauvinist France, taking over the mantle of the most famous fashion house in the world.

The show itself received mixed reviews. It was admired for its elegance and the superb workmanship of the Dior ateliers. But the severely-tailored day clothes and romantic evening gowns reeked too much of nostalgia for the vanished high-fashion chic of the 1950s. Upswept chignons, spindly heels and fur-trimmed gloves reinforced the feeling that Dior's latest New Look was not forward-looking enough for the 1990s.

Gianfranco Ferré was born in Legnano, Italy, in 1945 and qualified as an architect in 1967. He moved into fashion via furniture design, and still takes a keen interest in modern constructions. He says that he admires both the shimmering, geometric pyramid at the Louvre, and President Mitterrand's latest Paris monument, the slab-grey Arche de la Défense.

Ferré's architect's pencil seemed to have drawn the sculpted lines of the suits in his Dior show. But then Ferré's designs for his own label, set up in Milan in 1974, have always been precisely tailored—



Vivid red wool crêpe kimono dress with cashmere coat marks Ferre's forceful departure from Dior grey.

Huge, heavily-embroidered stoles are hot news. Worn with herringbone tuxed suit to match.

PHOTOGRAPH BY REYNOLDS



Black wool crêpe suit with embroidered polka dots and a garland of silk flowers around the neck.

Suit embroidered to a tweed effect. Silk crêpe blouse with silk chiffon sleeves and jewelled buttons.



Check wool suit with full gathered sleeves. Worn with white piqué cotton blouse cut waistcoat-style.

with compasses rather than a set-square. His forte is the spare modern suit with a rounded shoulder-line, straight back to the jacket and a slim skirt.

Ferre's most distinctive signature is the gossamer-fine white organdie collar and the outsize bow at the neck. "It's a floating silhouette," says the designer. "There is always something transparent, fluid, so that as a woman walks, she leaves a sign behind her."

Fashion in Italy is big business. Although Ferre's Milan company is only 15 years old, its turnover was \$75 million in 1988. As well as his women's collections, shown in Milan each year in March and October, Ferre also designs men's clothes. He has several second-price, lower-tier lines: jeans, Oaks for sporty menswear and Studio 0001, its name taken from the computer coding for garments checked and ready to ship.

Two years ago he fulfilled a lifetime's dream by founding a high-fashion *alta moda* collection in Rome, which he based on Italian culture, ancient and modern. Fabrics were inspired by regional costumes and decoration dreamed up from the family home at Stresa.

He has now given up his *alta moda* line in favour of Christian Dior. French critics were doubtful that a designer whose background was in ready-to-wear fashion would really understand the art, as well as the craft, of *haute couture*. "Couture is the most personal expression of a designer's creativity," says Ferre. "I am proud and pleased that Dior chose me, especially because they want me to give life to couture, but they do not want me to change myself. I don't want to live with a ghost, but I respect the couture tradition. I have to look at what is going on with modern eyes. The woman who wears couture clothes has different expectations from a ready-to-wear customer. She will look for the perfect-quality cashmere pullover in a boutique, but to dress up she expects a different style from couture."

Although Ferre's clothes are sleek and graphic, he is also a romantic. In the late 1960s he went to India for six years. The experience marked him deeply. He talks of the phlegmatic fortitude of people brought up in a Hindu culture, and he describes vividly his visual memories of the sub-continent. "I was especially moved by the colours," he says. "I remember an Indian woman in Madras wearing violet, silhouetted against a copper horizon. At Bombay station, where the floor had turquoise tiles, a group of men dressed in white would squat. There were others in brown clothes carrying battered, brown suitcases, wearing bright pink turbans."

Ferre's colours mix the austere and the



Ferre evenings are fun and fantastic: frou-frou frills, embroidery, pleats and petticoats—all in lavish organza, satins and silks.

exotic. He is known for a bright lacquered, and for his stony greys. In the Dior collection his romantic vision of the Dior tradition perhaps led him astray at night. He sent out evening dresses with vast skirts in blushing red taffeta, with appliquéd corsages of flowers—including a chic black version of the lily of the valley that is the traditional Dior symbol. "I wanted something feminine, but quite stylised," says Ferre. "For evening, I was dreaming of printed faille, and organza floating away into the night."

To understand the furore caused in Paris by Ferre's arrival, it is important to understand the Dior context, both ancient and modern. When Dior's first collection was unveiled on a post-war

world, starved of glamour and romance, it had an extraordinary impact. The long, full skirts, soft shoulders and tiny waists put a dramatic full stop to the era of sharp-shouldered masculine suits.

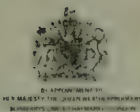
Dior, a convinced romantic, was inspired by memories of his mother in her delicate Edwardian gowns. His worldwide success was not just because he fulfilled a yearning in women to look feminine. But also because Dior's fashion antennae had picked up a sociological shift. Women who had been standing shoulder-pad-to-shoulder-pad doing men's work in the war years were going back to hearth and home as their men returned from battle. Strong women intuitively grasped that Dior's clothes were pushing them back into their kitchens. And while the Home Office in Britain ranted about the waste of fabric involved in the new fashions, American women took to the streets shouting: "Mr Dior we abhor, wearing dresses to the floor."

There is no stopping the pace of fashion change. The New Look took to the streets as frou-frou Doris Day petticoats and stiletto heels. It lasted until the 1960s when sporty, sexy clothes ushered in a new post-Pill revolution.

Christian Dior died in 1957. He had already found his successor—a shy, bespectacled genius named Yves Saint Laurent. But the young designer's wild ideas, although now seen as prophetic, were too much for the House of Dior. When Saint Laurent was called up into the army and retired with a nervous breakdown, Dior appointed Marc Bohan as its chief designer.

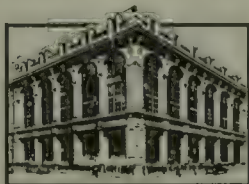
For 28 years Bohan created pretty, well-tailored collections which were popular with couture clients, among them Princess Caroline of Monaco. He was abruptly replaced earlier this year by a new big-business team. For Christian Dior was not just at the forefront of design. He had also grasped the possibility of marketing the famous Dior name. He and Pierre Cardin were the first designers to be involved in licensing. Before his death company turnover had reached \$20 million a year and a financial pundit said: "A multi-million-pound world industry teeters like a precariously balanced pyramid, point down, on Dior's head." But the legend lived on and by 1988 the empire, with more than 200 licencees, had an annual, worldwide turnover of \$1.15 billion.

Bohan, 62, was a victim not of failure but of success. The Dior group is owned by Financière Agache, whose chairman, Bernard Arnault, is a thrusting, 40-year-old United States-trained businessman who has perceived the international success of luxury goods. He is also involved in a power struggle with the family-



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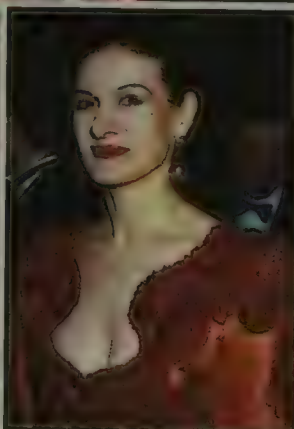
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RENFEATRES

owned house of Louis Vuitton. What these top-notch houses need is a high-profile designer with a strong signature. It was inevitable that Arnault should want to surround himself with people of his own generation and to dismiss the rest as *ancien régime*. He hired Béatrice Bongibault, 36, who had made a success of marketing Chanel, as Dior's managing director. "My goal is to make Dior number one throughout the world," Bongibault said in January.

At Chanel she had worked with Karl Lagerfeld, a polymath designer who creates four different labels. It was she who decided to bring in Ferre. But there is some doubt that Ferre, who will divide his time between Milan and Paris and has a design staff to support him in both countries, will be able to be such a constant fountain of creativity for both his own label and Dior.

There is an ironic twist to the story. For while Arnault was re-positioning Dior for the 1990s, he was also backing another rising star. The new fashion designer Christian Lacroix was set up in a couture house by Financière Agache in 1987. Christian Lacroix's first collection was as much of a revolution as Dior's had been 40 years earlier. His pouf skirts put a dramatic full stop to the androgynous tailoring that had dominated fashion for two decades. He has brought frivolity and *joie de vivre* back to fashion, along with decorative details such as fringing, embroidery and tassels that have been absorbed by the entire industry. In this Paris season it was Lacroix, not Ferre, who received an ovation for his charming, chic clothes which seem to suggest a new spirit for the 1990s. Or should we just call it fashion's New Look? □

Ferre's supporters turned out in force at the Grand Bash held to celebrate his show. Those gathered under the canopy stretched across the grounds of Paris's Rothschild Foundation included Grace Jones, top, being embraced by Patrice Calmette, who joined in with the serenading gypsy band. Paloma Picasso, above right, looked as stunning as ever in her signature St Laurent. But it was Isabelle Adjani, above left, who sat next to Ferre at dinner, dressed in one of the designer's more frivolous offerings from his new collection.

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PRINT ROOM REVIVAL

Desmond Guinness charts the revival of a once popular form of decoration, and suggests contemporary ways to bring back borders, bows and swags.

The making of print rooms began in the 1750s in England. The ladies of the family would while away the bleak winter days, huddled round a fire with paste and scissors on hand, while the gentlemen were out hunting and shooting. When enough prints, engravings or mezzotints had been collected to cover the room, these were cut into oblongs, ovals and octagons and pasted on the walls. The background colour was often buff, straw, yellow, red or white, but there was never colour in the engravings, except when a Chinese paper was used.

Once in place, the prints were surrounded by engravings of frames of pictures, sometimes with elaborate corners. The composition was completed by interspersing engraved trophies of dead game, musical instruments, shields, medals—anything, so long as it was engraved and cut out. Sometimes a print would appear to be “hung” from an engraved chain, “suspended” in turn from an engraved ribbon. These borders and swags were easy to come by in the 18th century, as contemporary advertisements reveal, but the supply seems to have dried up in the 1800s through lack of demand. Now, thanks to the revival of the print room, sheets printed with

swags, borders and lions’ heads are once more available.

The best rooms were made before 1800. In the Regency period they became more masculine and often there was no attempt at an interesting layout; the engravings were simply pasted round the room, regularly spaced, in a sequence of stultifying monotony. This may well account for the fashion dying a natural death by 1850 or, to be more accurate, going “upstairs” to the nursery. The Victorian cut-out screen, with Mr Gladstone and the Queen dominating alternate leaves, was the direct descendant of the print room. Nursery walls were also decorated like this. But in the rooms where grown-ups lived, other decorative schemes had taken over. It is fortunate that several superb 18th-century print rooms should have survived the changing taste of the past 200 years.

In Ireland, where I live, only one period print room survives, at Castletown, County Kildare, which is open to

Marina Guinness, far left, and Victoria Lloyd at work in the boardroom of Marlfield House Hotel, Gorey, County Wexford. The best print rooms are based on an imaginative layout, which is more important than the quality of the engravings chosen.

the public and stands beside the River Liffey, 15 miles west of Dublin. Castletown is the largest country house in Ireland, which may account for the survival of its print room. Or was it the poverty in Ireland after the famine that deterred people from bothering to change things? Or that the family was on the whole more interested in outdoor pursuits than in altering the interior of their house? Perhaps it was a combination of all three.

The Castletown print room is among the finest anywhere, and can be dated for certain to before 1773. It was the creation of Lady Louisa Conolly, daughter of the second Duke of Richmond; she had married Tom Conolly of Castletown in 1758 when only 15 years old. A drawing for the layout of one of the walls still exists but is unfortunately not signed or dated.

A photograph of the drawing for the print room at Woodhall Park, Hertfordshire, still exists, although the drawing itself has been lost. The fascinating *Wricklemarsh Album*, now at the Yale Center for British Art and British Studies in the United States, contains the designs for each wall of three rooms, accompanied by lists of the prints, statues, busts and seals with which they were to be adorned. The rooms are identified as “print dressing room”, “print room”



and “print closet”. Tantalisingly, it is not known whether these rooms existed or, if they did, where the house was, as the title page of the manuscript book is missing.

The Castletown borders, bows and swags have been printed on two sheets, available from the Irish Georgian Society. They were produced in 1987 by Nicola Wingate Saul, the curator at Castletown for two summers, who created a print room at Leixlip Castle for me in 1976. It was to lead to her devoting her life and considerable talent to this rarified form of decoration. Her London

The print room at Stratfield Saye, designed for the first Duke of Wellington.

studio is in Moreton Terrace, SW1, where her work is a joy to behold. Ring first for an appointment (01-821 1577).

The Leixlip print room was admired by Mrs William Shannon, wife of the former US Ambassador to Ireland, and she commissioned one for the embassy in Phoenix Park, Dublin, from Nicola. Another of her creations is a screen decorated with views of Bath on display at the city’s Assembly Rooms. It was

interior designer David Mlinaric who thought of hiding the sinks and servery behind a screen, which has the advantage of appearing as if it could be blown away or pushed over at the slightest touch. In fact, it is as solid as a rock. It was Nicola’s first screen and she has since made many more. People who have small houses cluttered with things they love have nowhere to create a print room, whereas a print screen is another matter.

Hilary and Galen Weston, of the family that owns Fortnum and Mason, have chosen themes associated with their



origins, life and interests for their print room in a round turret at Fort Belvedere, Windsor. There are Irish and Canadian prints—he is Canadian and she is Irish—as well as botanical engravings; they have broken a cardinal rule (mine of course!) by having a coloured print in pride of place. That it is completely successful must be grudgingly admitted; it is a *Vanity Fair* cartoon of the Maharajah of Patiala attired in polo gear, complete with an outsize blue turban. Galen Weston is very fond of polo.

Nicola's best creation is perhaps the

Nicola Wingate Saul's expertise transformed the author's library at Leixlip Castle.

room she made for Sir Reresby and Lady Sitwell at Renishaw in Derbyshire. Here she was working with a set of architectural views of Italy by a contemporary of Piranesi called Rossini, so there is a balance to the room that is bound to be lacking when prints from many different sources are used.

Charles de Beistegui's father was of Mexican origin but he was brought up in Spain and France and educated in

England. Perhaps it was visiting friends on holidays from school that implanted a love of English taste in him. The print dining-room, with Hogarth engravings, that he made at Groussaye near Paris in the 1950s may well be the only example of this style of decoration in France.

Model Jerry Hall bought a flat in London last year and has been busy making it pretty, also with the help of David Mlinaric. It has a passage so narrow that if pictures were hung there they would be knocked down by Jerry as she dashes out to her morning tennis, a



stream of golden hair in her wake. Inspired by a new print passage made by my daughter Marina here at Leixlip, using the Castletown swags of engraved flowers and borders, Jerry started collecting engravings for her London flat. As she lives in the world of fashion she looked out for 18th- and 19th-century fashion plates and found some lovely ones, including cartoons of ladies with ridiculously exaggerated hairstyles. She gave my daughter her first commission, and Marina soon found she needed a partner—making a print room is hard to do alone—so she teamed up with Victoria Lloyd.

One partner stands back while the other is up the ladder, offering up the prints and borders, measuring and making everything balance, helped by double-sided adhesive tape, a creative eye and a lot of patience. Most of the laborious job of cutting out will have been done at home with friends to help; it is slow, back-breaking work. Sometimes a sheet of plate glass makes a useful base for cutting, and there is a variety of lethal, small-pointed blades on the market that can be very handy.

The National Trust had the clever idea of producing the first “revivalist” print-room sheets in 1972. The print

The Yellow Print Room by Julian Barrow celebrates an era when women spent days choosing engravings to create an ornate interior. Today's print-room enthusiasts include Jerry Hall and Mrs William Shannon, the wife of the former US Ambassador to Ireland.

room at Blickling, Norfolk, a Trust property, was in a part of the house closed to the public. The prints had been varnished long since and the varnish had turned dark brown; there had also been damage from a burst pipe. Julian Gibbs, then the Trust's historic buildings representative for East Anglia, made the decision to move the room. As a result it is now on view and the background colour is identical to the original. When the swags and borders were taken down and cleaned, they were reproduced for sale in National Trust shops. These National Trust print-room sheets were designed by John Sutcliffe of Cambridge.

The most interesting print rooms are those with a varied and imaginative layout. This is more important than the quality of the engravings themselves. Good engravings should obviously not be pasted on walls; to change their shape and remove the date and maker is downright sinful. However, with the help of a

photocopying machine and a coating of weak tea, wonders can be achieved at a very small cost. Modern reproductions of engravings can be used without any qualms. The Dover Press have reproduced many fine architectural volumes, and Harry Margary has copied the series of Hogarth engravings called *Industry and Idleness*. These 12 “moral and instructive prints” have been reduced to 10 inches by 12 inches, on “antique” paper, and come in a folder with notes by John Fisher. They are available for £10 from Harry Margary, Lympne Castle, Kent.

Write to the Irish Georgian Society, Leixlip Castle, Leixlip, County Kildare, Ireland for the two Castletown print-room sheets; they measure 23 inches by 35 inches, are printed on “antique” paper of good quality, come in a cardboard roller and cost £24.80 post-free.

The author would be grateful for information about print rooms of any period in any country; they are sure to multiply now that the borders can at last be found again. Print rooms are fun to make and no two can ever be alike. They are a welcome antidote to the aridity of the “airport lounge” type of interior. They should be elegant and intimate and, above all, they should reflect the taste and ingenuity of their creator □



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FABULOUS FUNGI

Edible fungi are not exclusive to the Continent, says London restaurateur and chef Antonio Carluccio. Rich breeding grounds of wild mushrooms are only a stone's throw from the capital, offering a mouth-watering selection of delights.

The combination of a train, fungi and truffles brings back the most beautiful memories of a childhood spent in the village of Castelnovo Belbo, in the foothills of Monferrato between Nizza and Alessandria. In autumn the perfume of the *moscato* grapes and the sharper scent of white truffles seemed to invade every path among the idyllic, golden-red hills of the Langhe. My father was the station-master there and we lived in the station house. I felt privileged, compared with the other children, to be the youngest son of the *capostazione*, one of the personalities of the village. I was allowed to play with real trains, jumping up and down on the steam-engines when they stopped at the station and thus being the despair of my mother because with monotonous regularity I would dirty my impeccably washed and ironed clothes with coal.

It was just after the war and not many trains were running through this secondary station, but I was fascinated by the passengers sitting in their compartments; I was always curious to know who they were, where they had come from and where they were going. Perhaps it was these early childhood experiences working upon my subconscious that led me to travel so much in the last 30 years.

One of my father's friends was a real truffle-hunter who not only taught me to search for truffles with his dog Fido, but

was also my first teacher in the art of recognising wild mushrooms. I started to identify and pick my first two or three varieties when I was eight. I did not dream that, later in life, mushrooms and truffles would become my passion, culminating in my writing a book on the subject and running a restaurant renowned for fungus specialities.

I can still recall the atmosphere of particularly foggy days, which are the perfect time for truffle-hunters to make their way undisturbed to their preferred hunting grounds. On one such morning we were walking into the October mist, preceded by the single-minded Fido, his nose to the ground in search of a valuable prize. We wandered up and down small valleys where leafless trees loomed menacingly; their massive branches disappearing into the fog. Suddenly the dog became excited and started frantically digging a hole in the ground: he had found something. With gentle hands, Giovanin, the old man, pushed the dog to one side so that he could dig deeper with a special tool, for truffles may grow as much as a yard down in the soil. Then he carefully extracted a potato-like fungus called *Tuber magnatum* or Alba truffle. A pungent, yet delicious, smell emanated from the tuber which we reverently cleaned of the clay-like earth and placed in the hunter's bag. The dog received praise and a biscuit and the





Jewels of nature: wild mushrooms provide the basis for endless culinary creations.

hunt continued. I was later given a truffle for being a good boy, much to the delight of the whole family.

To compare a tuber (a good specimen might weigh up to a kilo) with gold is no exaggeration considering that nowadays this much sought-after delicacy can, in specialist shops, fetch £1,200 a kilo. The Alba truffle is unique, even French gourmets are envious of its quality; it grows only in the Langhe region, south-east of Turin, where Alba is the main city. Other places in Italy where truffles are found, although not of this quality, are Tuscany, Marche where Norcia is well-known for them, and Calabria. In France, Périgord is the area where the *Tuber aestivum*, summer truffle, is widely available because semi-cultivation is possible. The roots of young oak trees are injected with truffle spores and then planted: if you are lucky, after a few years black truffles may grow. The Périgord truffle is less highly rated, price-wise, but extremely successful in French cuisine where it is widely used by chefs in the preparation of pâtés and pies.

Truffles are addictive and inspire either love or loathing, certainly not indifference. The strangest quality attributed to them is that of an aphrodisiac. I believe this is because female pigs, which were used in the past instead of dogs for detecting truffles, went wild after sniffing the exhilarating "perfume" which

resembled the sexual smell of male pigs. The truffle is the most expensive food in the world, and this makes it a sought-after culinary commodity like caviar.

The best way to enjoy truffles is raw, sliced very thinly, and placed upon food to give it a pleasant aroma. A special tool called a "mandolin" is used to slice the tuber. My favourite way to eat truffles is on creamy risotto or freshly-made tagliatelle. They are also delicious on scrambled or fried eggs and on raw beef thinly cut, as for *carne all' Albese*, a sort of *carpaccio*. You eat the scent of truffle and not the substance.

This reminds me of an incident which occurred some years ago in my restaurant. I intended one evening to let certain customers, who were truffle-lovers, smell some which were newly arrived by air that day from Turin. A guest of the party, however, took one of them and put it into his mouth. The poor man choked badly and the situation was quite embarrassing for the host, especially when I had to tell him that his guest has just swallowed £50 worth of truffle.

The truffle used to be found in Britain, where professional hunters earned their livelihood from it, but the noble art seems to have disappeared. The only place I know where they grow year-in year-out is in the back garden of a private house near Dover. The truffles grow in a fruitful symbiotic relationship among the roots

of a Mediterranean oak, providing me with untold pleasure as the happy recipient of the entire crop, amounting to about a kilo every year.

While truffles may have disappeared from Britain or, perhaps more accurately, the tradition of truffle-hunting has died out, other more available mycological specialities provide me and my customers with immense pleasure. Wild mushrooms, fungi or "toadstools", as they are generally known in Britain, grow everywhere from Scotland to Cornwall. For wild-mushroom hunters like myself and my collaborator Gennaro Contaldo, the only professional mushroom-hunter I know, Britain is a paradise. Gennaro, with his extensive knowledge of mycology and botany, provides me in season with baskets of up to 25 different types of mushroom every day. Together with the supplies from a few other collectors, these enable me to produce delicious specialities which are much appreciated by my customers.

In the last eight years I have managed to educate the palates of many reluctant and suspicious clients, converting them with my "*fungus politik*" into enthusiastic mushroom-eaters. Many others, already initiated into the culinary world of fungi through travel in Italy and France, are happy to find that in London they can enjoy the delicacies they tasted abroad. In many restaurants the most common fungi available after truffles are *porcini* or ceps, chanterelles, horn of plenty and *piéd de mouton* or hedgehog mushroom. I find it very exciting, thanks to Gennaro and his colleagues, to be able to offer other delicacies in my restaurant like the real oyster mushroom, parasols, chicken of the woods, birch and bay boletes; giant puffballs, cauliflower fungus, honey fungus, wood blewit, and many others which make a picturesque collection and offer endless possibilities for culinary preparation. The season starts with the St George mushroom, which appears in April—the 23rd being St George's Day—and lasts until the end of November when, with luck, the wood blewit appears.

I obtain such a large quantity of mushrooms that I can preserve some for the winter months and so enjoy exquisite wild-mushroom soup, pickled mushrooms for antipastos and frozen ones for sauces to go mainly with game all the year round. I even sweet-pickle chanterelles which, kept in Strega liqueur, are a wonderful decoration for puddings. I like to hear customers asking in winter when the next season will start, signalling their wish to continue to enjoy the wonderful taste of these jewels of nature.

I have had more than 40 years' experience of collecting and cooking mush-

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rooms in every country I have lived in or visited. Austria and Germany were very rewarding for the beauty of the woods and also the quantities of edible mushrooms. Italy, where nowadays mushroom fever seems to have infected everybody, has had to pass special conservation laws. Every year thousands of people go into the woods in search of fungi. The popularity of this sport is so great that each person may collect only two kilograms a day, so everyone has a chance to enjoy them. The size of the mushrooms that may be gathered is also dictated, very small specimens being left to grow so Nature is undisturbed.

To ensure these laws are respected and where necessary enforced, wardens are appointed who can impose heavy fines and even imprisonment through the courts in the most desperate cases of vandalism. These wardens are also trained to identify edible and poisonous species.

In France, to deal with this delicate task, pharmacists are specially trained to inspect the fungi of the "weekend collectors". This identification is important

because fungus poisoning, with its sometimes lethal results, happens every year in both France and Italy. Too many people believe that they are experts, and the result is that entire families can end up in hospital in considerable agony—a vivid example of the maxim "a little knowledge is a dangerous thing". I cannot emphasise too strongly to everyone not knowledgeable about fungi that you should not eat them, or even touch them, unless you have identified the species with the help of a reputable guide.

It is a pleasure for me to go into British woods to pick mushrooms. Here there is no need to get up early because the competition is almost non-existent. I have written a book, *A Passion for Mushrooms*, especially for the British public, who are in general reluctant to eat wild mushrooms. I think it would be an advantage if the British knew what delicacies are hidden in their woods. Some time ago I took a party of 12 journalists on a fungus hunt and their enthusiasm was equal to Alice's in Wonderland.

To end on a happy note, I would sug-

gest that people interested in fungi in all their forms would find it worthwhile to join the British Mycological Society which organises forays led by experts to identify mushrooms. It is a fascinating experience, learning to identify first one species and its sub-groups and then moving on to another, and comparing and contrasting the various specimens you have collected.

Once you start to learn about mushrooms properly and collect your own, every walk in the woods will provide new interest. Your nose will be constantly directed to the ground and every corner of the woods will provide a surprise.

However, if walking in the woods and gathering mushrooms prove to be too much, but you want to know what wild mushrooms taste like . . . well, you know where to go to enjoy them!

□ Antonio Carluccio is the proprietor of The Neal Street Restaurant, 26 Neal Street, London WC2, and author of *A Passion for Mushrooms* to be published by Pavilion Books in September, £16.95.

MUSHROOM MAGIC AND TRUFFLE TEMPTATIONS

MUSHROOM, SPINACH AND BACON SALAD

Insalata di funghi, spinaci e pancetta

I have tried this recipe using cultivated shiitake mushrooms with excellent results, but a more intense flavour is obtained with wild mushrooms such as *Armillaria mellea*, *Cantharellus cibarius*, *Hydnum repandum*, *Lactarius deliciosus*, *Laetiporus sulphureus*, *Leccinum versipelle*, *Lepiota procera*, *Lepista nuda* or the *Suillus* species. If you use *Boletus badius* and/or *B. edulis* you will find you can omit the bacon, because these distinctive mushrooms do not require that additional flavouring.

The secret lies in the fresh crispness of the raw spinach (which should be the curly Continental type rather than coarse-leaved beet) combining with piping-hot morsels of bacon and mushroom.

Serves four

280g/9oz tender leaves of Continental spinach (cleaned weight)
150g/5oz streaky bacon, cut into fine strips
2 tbsp olive oil
300g/10oz wild mushrooms, cleaned and cut into fine strips

For the vinaigrette

4 tbsp olive oil
1 tbsp sweet mustard
1 tbsp vinegar
a pinch of sugar
salt and pepper to taste



*Wild mushrooms lend an intense flavour to this salad.
Use Continental spinach to make sure it is crisp.*

Wash the spinach thoroughly in cold water, drain and pat dry, taking care not to bruise it: use only the tenderest leaves. Arrange on four plates.

Prepare the vinaigrette by mixing ingredients thoroughly.

Fry the bacon strips in the olive oil for 3-4 minutes, stir, then add the strips of mushroom and sauté over a high heat for 3-4 minutes, depending on the tenderness of the mushrooms. Pour a quarter of the vinaigrette over each portion of spinach, divide the fried mixture equally between the plates, and serve straight away.

RISOTTO WITH CEPES

Risotto con porcini

This is the wild mushroom recipe I cook most often. It is, in my view, the most satisfying dish and I always eat it as a complete meal, because it is quite substantial—and because I always cook a lot of it.

Usually risotto is associated with the Milan and Venice regions, but *risotto con porcini* is more at home in Piedmont. There are only a few restaurants where you can eat an authentic *risotto con funghi* because it always takes the best part of half an hour to cook, and if you want the real thing then it has to be prepared while you wait: you just have to be patient. Of the many versions, I prefer the simplest one, in which you can really taste the mushrooms. Since this risotto is *con porcini*, it is perhaps unnecessary for me to say it is only possible with *Boletus edulis* (or *B badius*) though you can resort to fresh button mushrooms plus dried ceps.

Serves four

300-350g/about 12oz firm, small fresh ceps, or fresh button mushrooms plus 25g/1oz dried ceps
1 small onion, finely chopped
2 tbsp olive oil
30g/1oz/2 tbsp butter
350g/12oz Arborio rice
1.5 litres/3pt hot chicken stock or water plus 2 bouillon cubes
salt and freshly ground black pepper.

To finish

a nut of butter
60g/2oz freshly grated Parmesan cheese

If using dried ceps, put them to soak in a small bowl of water for 15 minutes. Meanwhile, slice the fresh mushrooms. Fry the onion in the oil and butter; when it colours, add the sliced mushrooms and continue to fry over a moderate flame for a couple of minutes. If using dried ceps, chop them into small pieces and add to



Fantasy in black and white: a simple but delicious way to enjoy the finest truffles.

the mushrooms, keeping the water they soaked in to add to the risotto later with the stock.

Add the rice to the pan and stir with a wooden spoon for a minute or two until it is well coated with oil and butter. Add about a ladleful of stock to the rice at a time (have the stock simmering in a pan next to the risotto), stirring continually with a wooden spoon. As the rice grains absorb the liquid, add more. Continue to stir and add the stock until the rice appears to be cooked—about 20-25 minutes.

When the rice is *al dente*, remove from the heat, season, and finish by stirring in the nut of butter and the Parmesan cheese. Serve hot and, if you like, decorate each portion with a slice of mushroom.

TAGLIATELLE WITH TRUFFLE

Tagliatelle con tartufi

One of the most popular and sought-after dishes in Alba is the simple combination of freshly-made tagliatelle with the sophisticated rich white truffle, found locally between October and the end of January. I do hope you are fortunate enough to have a good friend who will give you a gift of one of these truffles.

To match the high quality of the other ingredients, choose only the best Parmesan.

Serves four

450g/1lb fresh tagliatelle made from basic pasta dough
100g/4oz unsalted butter
60g/2oz freshly grated Parmesan cheese from a newly-cut Parmigiano Reggiano
1 small *Tuber magnatum* (white Alba truffle)
salt and freshly ground black pepper

Cook the tagliatelle until *al dente*—about 3-4 minutes. Drain, toss in the butter, stir in the Parmesan cheese and season with salt and pepper. Serve the tagliatelle on individual plates, shaving the precious truffle with a *mandolino* directly on to each helping.

FANTASY IN BLACK AND WHITE

Fantasia in bianco e nero

The idea for this recipe came to me when Anton Mosimann, then of the Dorchester Hotel, was giving an important dinner for the launch of a book. The menus had already been printed, but by the afternoon preceding the dinner he still had no white truffles to complete the recipes in the menu. I was the only restaurateur in London at the time to possess a kilogram of fresh white truffles, so I gave him a good proportion of them so that he could prepare the dishes. I was not there myself, but

I heard later that the event was a complete success.

This, then, is my version of the Fantasy in Black and White. Assuming you find enough truffles, I can tell you that this dish is a dream—in fact, a fantasy.

Serves four

2 × *Tuber magnatum* (white Alba truffles) weighing about 20g/¾oz each
2 × *Tuber melanosporum* (black truffles) weighing about 10g/scant ½oz each
2 tbsp Armagnac
50g/2oz/¼ tbsp butter
salt and pepper to taste
4 slices white bread for toasting
parsley to garnish

Cut the truffles into slices about 2.5mm/1/16 in thick. Place them in a bowl with the Armagnac and let them marinate for 1 hour. Melt the butter in a pan over a moderate heat but don't let it brown. Add the truffles and the Armagnac, add salt and pepper to taste, cover and allow to simmer for 4-5 minutes. Meanwhile, make the toast. Arrange alternate slices of black and white truffle in a circle on each piece of toast. Decorate with a small sprig of parsley and serve hot.

FILLET OF BEEF WITH OYSTER MUSHROOMS AND CHANTERELLES

Filetto con pleurotus e gallinacci
It just happened that once when I cooked this recipe, oyster mushrooms and chanterelles were the only mushrooms available. The combination was accidental, but the result was exquisite. Try some other combination.

Serves four

4 tbsp olive oil
450g/1 lb fillet of beef
225g/8oz mixed, cleaned chanterelles and oyster mushrooms
1 clove garlic, finely chopped
1 tbsp coarsely chopped parsley
1 small glass of white wine
salt and pepper to taste.

Heat 2 tbsp olive oil in a frying pan and gently seal the beef. Add salt and pepper and cook for about 10 minutes, ensuring the beef remains pink in the middle. Remove beef from pan and set aside to keep warm. Add the remainder of the oil and stir-fry the chanterelles and oyster mushrooms. After about 4 minutes, when almost cooked, add the garlic and parsley. Cook for a further 2 minutes until the mushrooms are done, then add the wine. When it has evaporated, add the salt and pepper. Combine mushrooms and beef and serve.



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At Table (Easter), by Pavel Filonov. Oil on paper, 1912-13. One of the works on view in the exhibition *100 Years of Russian Art*.

A SHOW IS BORN

As *100 Years of Russian Art* moves from London to Oxford's Museum of Modern Art, the director, David Elliot, talks about how an exhibition is created, the growing problems of borrowing, lending and transporting great works of art, and the daunting organisational logistics.

The death of the blockbuster art exhibition has been predicted for many years. As standards of conservation rise and saleroom prices soar, private collectors and museum curators alike have become increasingly unwilling to allow works of art to undergo the long absences and hard knocks of international transport.

Yet popular and important travelling exhibitions still take place. Even the dinosaur blockbuster survives, although as it stalks through the cultural swamps of the 1980s it is slimmed down to a handful of masterpieces placed in the context of documentary material.

Exhibitions generally fall into one of several categories. A one-person show, tracing the development of a particular artist, is on quite a different scale from a

collection of treasures of a museum, state or private collection—a "chocolate box" with no unifying theme in which the interest depends entirely on the quality and variety of work shown. An exhibition can also centre on the culture of a particular country and period: it could focus on the present century, for instance *100 Years of Russian Art 1889-1989*, or on the times of Galileo or the Armada. Sometimes it seems that exhibitions are arbitrarily selected—the residence of an artist in a country at a particular time being enough to ensure his or her inclusion.

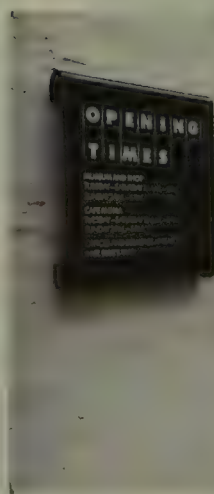
The most convincing exhibitions, however, centre on some argument or theme which is illustrated in both the choice and the juxtaposition of elements included. It is in this area that interesting developments are taking place. The

exhibition itself is perceived increasingly as a medium with its own message. By producing order out of potential chaos, the organiser sometimes plays as creative a role as the artist.

When dealing with the art of other cultures, mistakes can easily be made and the participants easily offended. In Britain we often have a stereotyped view of "abroad", typically expressed in the graphic use of a defiled national symbol. Exoticism is also a dangerous pitfall. Attractive as the idea of the noble savage may be to a Western audience jaded by its excesses of "civilisation", any implication of this—in an exhibition of African art, contemporary or historical, for example—would be taken as a serious insult. It is not only what you show but how you show it that is important.



David Elliot, right, plans to exhibit work by black artists from South African townships at Oxford's MOMA. Shown left is a linocut by John Muafangejo. Other countries whose art will shortly be on show include Japan, Czechoslovakia, Mexico, Poland and Haiti.



In choosing what to show, the selector or curator rarely has a completely free hand. Not all private owners will lend prized works and, if they do, some insist on charging a hire fee. Museums are also taking this tack, either hiring out works or getting involved in a Byzantine network of horse-trading in which essential masterpieces are liberated for exhibition on the tacit understanding that the favour will be returned.

This system works only so long as both parties have collections. Many exhibitors, such as the Hayward Gallery, the Royal Academy or the Museum of Modern Art in Oxford, do not have the loan collateral of their own collections and it is with considerable agility that lenders have to be persuaded that a particular exhibition is the one in which their work must be seen. In the case of less well-known work, inclusion in a public exhibition and publication in the catalogue increases its value and status.

When I was in Russia in 1987 in the early days of setting up 100 Years of Russian Art, I had a series of stimulating, enlightening and sometimes humorous meetings with private collectors in Moscow, Leningrad and Kiev, talking with them, looking through their collections and making discoveries. Works were often hung three or four high, up to the ceiling, stored under beds or hidden in wardrobes (I found a rather dusty portrait of Stalin on top of a wardrobe). Sometimes masterpieces were arranged in drawers, cases and portfolios; often the works were unpublished; and occasionally there was a fake which, of course, was tactfully avoided. In this case, lending work to Britain not only helped to bring neglected areas of Russian art to the attention of a Western public, but it also gave a number of the leading collectors the opportunity of visiting this country to see their work on view. For some of them it was the first visit to the West.

The collectors themselves were primarily from the professions—doctors, professors, musicologists and historians

—but they also included the families or heirs of the artists. It was a pleasure to visit again the old apartment block—behind the Vkhutemas, the Moscow art school—where the Rodchenko family has lived for the past 70 years. Alexander Rodchenko (1891-1956), a leading painter and designer, had his studio there and taught downstairs and across the courtyard as head of the Metalwork Faculty in that unique educational experiment which deserves to be as well known as the Bauhaus, its famous German counterpart. Only now, in both the West and the Soviet Union, is it beginning to be given its rightful due.

Once a work of art is an acknowledged masterpiece it may not be so easy to organise a loan. The task becomes increasingly difficult as more exhibitions are created for a growing number of exhibition spaces across the world. Demands to borrow the same seminal works become even more frequent and it is understandable that under a deluge of requests the owner refuses all of them. Such escalating demands along with the wear and tear of transport are the greatest incentive for any owner to leave the work where it is.

But assuming that the works which are needed are available, the logistics of exhibition organisation are still daunting. Rising valuations have caused insurance premiums to become punitive, and if it were not for the government insurance indemnity scheme administered by the Office of Arts and Libraries many exhibitions would have foundered on these hard financial rocks. The major direct costs of any exhibition lie in research and administration, followed closely by packing and transport. Where expert packers are not available in the country of origin, the gallery's staff join in.

Once the exhibits have arrived, the exhibition has to be designed and installed. Screens and cases, signs and information panels, slides and videos all have to be incorporated into a coherent whole. The simplest exhibition is one

hung on the walls of the museum or gallery, but the public now expects a more sophisticated approach which in some cases can even begin to swamp the exhibits themselves. Extras include educational material aimed at specific age groups as well as the catalogue, often also a blockbuster, which has to aspire to being definitive. In the area of modern art, scholarship—which used to be the most important consideration—can be sacrificed to the need for a sumptuously illustrated book of which the final resting place is more often the coffee table than the bookshelf.

The book trade also seems to favour this approach, placing colour illustrations at a higher premium than information. Even when a sponsor is heavily involved, catalogue sales and income from admissions are vital. The other major source of income is hire fees from touring the exhibition to another gallery. With staffing and overheads, exhibition costs can be counted in the hundreds of thousands, and any possibility of defraying them through other outlets is attractive as long as an extended loan does not discourage potential lenders.

In finance as well as display, exhibitions seem to have problems akin to the film industry; the risks and costs are high and shortfalls inevitable and these need to be covered by a commercial sponsor. Sadly, relatively few British sponsors are committed to supporting contemporary art. Many sponsors prefer to back safer exhibitions of work which is familiar.

Yet these financial difficulties are beginning to be offset by public interest in Britain in the contemporary arts. Compared with Europe or the United States, we have a long way to go in our support of living artists, but the growing audience for contemporary exhibitions shows an increasing artistic curiosity. Although this curiosity might not always be strengthened by appreciation of modern art for its own sake, it is a sign that, slowly, we are beginning to emerge from our cultural island □



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SAXON BOATS OF LONDON



Fragments of Saxon boats have provided Museum of London archaeologists Gustav Milne and Damian Goodburn with information about life on England's rivers 1,000 years ago. Even the smallest piece can shed light on a time when more people owned a boat than kept a horse and cart.

For much of its long history London prospered on its river-borne trade and grew to become the largest port in Britain. The recent discoveries of a Saxon dug-out boat in the River Lea, and of parts of five more vessels on ancient harbour sites in the City have thrown new light on the ships which brought prosperity to the port 1,000 years ago.

The City has undergone many dramatic changes since its foundation by the Romans around AD50. After the collapse of Roman Londinium in the fifth century, the Saxons founded Lundenwic in the seventh century in a new location around the Aldwych, to the west of the original settlement. In the late ninth century the unwelcome attentions of Viking raiders forced the Londoners to abandon the exposed site between the River Fleet and Westminster and to re-occupy the more readily defensible site to the east, within the old Roman walls.

In 889, exactly 1,100 years ago, King Alfred the Great signed a charter which established a waterfront market in the area now known as Queenhithe. Such

beach markets were an essential part of the planning of any new Saxon town, for all river-borne trade was transacted from boats pulled up on the shore. No shops, stalls, warehouses or major cargo-handling facilities were needed, only a simple neighbourhood exchange centre.

The location of some of these markets on the Thames may be suggested from the place-name element "wic", known to refer to riverside settlements in or before the 11th century at Hampton Wick, Twickenham, Chiswick, Greenwich and Woolwich for example. A variety of small boats laden with local produce would be commonplace—a riverside version of an everyday street market—in an age when more people owned small boats than kept a horse and wagon. The beach market was common throughout northern Europe and acted as a focus for both local and long-distance trade.

Recent excavations on major redevelopments near Queenhithe, on the Vintry and Thames Exchange sites, have revealed part of the Saxon harbourworks broadly contemporary with Alfred's charter. Incorporated within the clay and earth flood-

The Ravensbourne
A full-size replica, above, under construction and, left, on trial. Volunteers built the dug-out using tools modelled on a Saxon set.

embankments were fragments of several Saxon boats which had been broken up on the foreshore. These are rare finds in the City and have provided a precious insight into the different types of craft on the Thames 1,000 years ago. A clearer picture of these vessels can be gained by comparing recent archaeological discoveries and replica boat-building with the documentary record.

The contemporary account of the Billingsgate beach market, often referred to as "Ethelred's IV Law Code", summarises the customs, tolls and procedures encountered in the harbour at the end of the 10th or the beginning of the 11th centuries. It also defines three types of ships in the list of tolls charged, recording that a small ship was charged a half-penny, a larger ship with sails

one penny; and a barque or merchantman fourpence. No further details concerning the craft are given, but the archaeological evidence amplifies the picture.

The small boats of the late-Saxon or Viking age were general-purpose craft which served the many needs of various riverside farming and fishing communities. They carried farm produce to market, were used for gathering reeds or fetching fuel, and served as ferries. A number of such vessels have been found in England, including four from the Lea Valley in London. All were dug-outs, cut from hollowed-out oak trees, and were less than six metres long.

The most recent example was discovered in 1987 on a building site in Springfield Park, Clapton. It was originally some 3.75 metres long with a beam (width) of 65 centimetres and a depth of 40 centimetres. It had been cut from a short oak tree nearly 200 years old when felled around AD970. The shape resembled a small rounded punt and, in common with the other dug-outs found in the Lea, a solid ridge of oak left in the body of the boat served as a seat. The square end at the bow was pierced by a hole through which a pole could be pushed to secure the vessel without using ropes or mooring lines.

A careful study of the hull identified many distinctive tool marks, and suggested what sort of tools were used to build it and how the work was done. To test these theories and investigate the lost techniques of dug-out boat-building, a full-size replica, the *Ravensbourne*, was built by volunteers working for the nautical heritage charity Marine Archaeological Surveys. It took some 45 person-days to complete in the winter of 1987-88, using Saxon-style hand tools. Two or three strong, skilled Saxons could probably have built a similar vessel in three weeks, including rest days. Nevertheless, the capacity of our replica has surprised some nautical archaeologists, for it can carry up to four people.

The discovery of these small dug-outs demonstrates the vital



Archaeological finds on the Thames Exchange site near Southwark Bridge revealed well-preserved remains of Roman, Saxon and medieval wharves. This example dates back to the 12th or early 13th century.

importance of short-distance travel by river in Saxon England. So, too, does the small, curved, oak boat-rib found on the Thames Exchange site in the City. Such a find is much rarer and represents a class of boat not hitherto known in this country at that time. It may have come from a small planked boat or a light dug-out with extended sides, such as has been found in Scandinavia.

The larger ships with sails mentioned could have arrived from farther afield, and would have included fishing vessels from the estuary and boats carrying pottery down the Thames from Oxford. An example of such a

Saxon cargo boat was excavated in 1970 at Graveney in Kent. It was probably some 14 metres long with a beam of three metres, and may have been used to carry hops before it was abandoned around AD 950. A half-scale replica of it, the *Ottor*, has been built in Southampton by naval architect Edwin Gifford. It was found to sail surprisingly well in the Solent, with a single, square sail.

Until recently the Graveney boat was a unique and somewhat isolated find, for many of the details of its construction could not be paralleled elsewhere in England. However, study of a remarkable group of contemporary ship's timbers found earlier this year on the Thames Exchange site suggests that those construction details may be part of a native English Saxon boat-building tradition.

One of the largest ship's timbers found within one of the Saxon waterfront embankments was at least five metres long. It was part of a broad, shallow keel very similar in form to the keel on the Graveney boat, and had been skillfully hewn from a young, straight oak. Examination of fragments from the hull planking which were still attached showed

that the stern, middle and forward sections were represented.

Two substantial sections of ship's planking were discovered close by; they had been reused torevet the face of the embankment. They comprised radially-cleft boards, 25 to 30mm thick, with distinctive rivets joining the planks. These iron rivets were not hammered directly through the oak planking, but through willow or poplar "rawl plugs". The overlapping seam was waterproofed by an organic material held in a shallow groove. Again, these techniques were all used on the Graveney boat.

Fragments of planking from the next vessel found were joined together in a quite different fashion. Wooden pegs or "tree-nails" were driven through the pegholes in planking and split and wedged to ensure a tight fit. The gaps between the overlapping planks were waterproofed with moss, rather than the more common tarred hair. Some of these techniques are characteristic of a Saxon boat-building tradition which may once have been widespread over southern England.

A particularly exciting find on the adjacent Vintry site was a curved stem, part of the prow of a ship. It was lying on the Saxon foreshore, close to a mooring post, with fragments of a withy rope nearby. The timber had a slot cut carefully in it, clearly worn by the passage of a rope, which would have been part of the rigging of a sailing boat. Unfortunately our prow was not adorned with a fearsome dragon's head, like some of the Viking warships, but more modestly decorated with two shallow, curved lines. Similarly decorated stem posts are known from other early medieval vessels. Judging from the size of these newly-discovered timbers, they must represent parts of at least four medium-sized craft about the size of the Graveney boat, rather than smaller ones.

The "barque or merchantman" listed in the Billingsgate document may have been a foreign vessel from northern Europe or Scandinavia, bringing

wine, planks, blubberfish or other items. The standard example here must be the Skuldelev Wreck No 1, the robust but elegant *knarr*. This trader, excavated in 1962 in the Roskilde Fjord in Denmark, was 17 metres long and could have carried up to 24 tons of cargo. It is dated to about AD1000, which makes it broadly contemporary with the Billingsgate regulations and with the other boats described here. The replica built in Norway sailed round the world through severe storms, proving how seaworthy this magnificent type of merchant ship was.

There is little evidence for vessels of that size from English waters. However, fragments of a large oak frame-timber from just such a ship were rescued from the jaws of a mechanical excavator on the Thames Exchange site.

The notches on it showed that the ship's planking was up to five centimetres thick, which is thicker than that known from any other Viking-age ship so far found in north-west Europe.

The recent excavations of the Saxon harbour in London uncovered well-preserved harbourworks dating back to the time of

Alfred the Great. The boat finds, although fragmentary, were a remarkable bonus, and help us to picture the range of vessels which worked the Thames more than 1,000 years ago. They have also provided tangible proof of the skill and ingenuity of English shipwrights who were working in the Viking age □

Sailing on the Solent: The Ottor, a replica of a Saxon boat found at Graveney. It incorporates the single square sail favoured by the Saxons.



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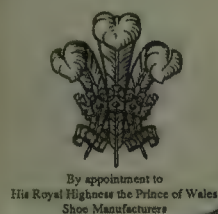
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A SELECTIVE GUIDE TO SOME OF THE MORE INTERESTING AND ENTERTAINING EVENTS ARRANGED FOR THE COMING MONTHS

BEST OF AUTUMN



A Flea in Her Ear: Feydeau farce playing at the Old Vic Theatre.

THEATRE

Where applicable, a special telephone number is given for credit card bookings. The address & telephone number of each theatre are given only on the first occasion it appears.

Across Oka. Robert Holman's sensitive drama, centred around the Oka nature reserve in the USSR, directed by Sarah Pia Anderson. Until Oct 28. *The Pit, Barbican, EC2 (638 8891)*.

Another Time. A white South African family is driven apart as the embittered parents of a gifted 17-year-old pianist face the fact that he must pursue his studies in London to achieve the success that has eluded them. Elijah Moshinsky directs a strong cast headed by Albert Finney & Janet Suzman. Opens Sept 25. *Wyndham's, Charing Cross Rd, WC2 (867 1116, cc867 1111)*.

Anything Goes. Colourful New York production of the classic Cole Porter musical, starring Elaine Page, as full of zest as ever, & directed by Jerry Zaks. *Prince Edward, Old Compton St, W1 (734 8951)*.

Aspects of Love. Andrew Lloyd Webber's lavish musical, adapted with surprising success from David Garnett's novella about a young Englishman who falls in love with a penniless French actress, but loses her to his uncle. Stylish performances from Ann Crumb, Kevin Coulson, Michael Ball & Kathleen Rowe McAllen; Trevor Nunn directs. *Prince of Wales, Coventry St, W1 (839 5972, cc240 7200)*.

The Black Prince. Stuart Burge directs Ian McDiarmid & Simon Williams in Iris Murdoch's frantic comedy-thriller. Intelligent, but overstretched and uninvolved. *Aldwych Theatre, Aldwych, WC2 (836 0641)*.

Boswell for the Defence. Patrick Edgeworth's courtroom drama about James Boswell, lawyer & biographer of Samuel Johnson, & the true story of his defence of a condemned woman. Leo McKern, ex-Rumpole of the Bailey, takes the title role. Opens Sept 6. *Playhouse, Northumberland Ave, WC2 (839 4401)*.

Buddy. New musical, written by Alan (Minder) Janes, charting the rise to fame & untimely death (at 22) of one of rock's greatest legends, Buddy Holly. Classic songs include "Oh Boy" & "Peggy Sue". Directed by Rob Bettinson. Opens Oct 12. *Victoria Palace, Victoria St, SW1 (834 1317)*.

Exclusive. Paul Scofield, Alec McCowen & Eileen Atkins in Jeffrey Archer's acid look at a week in the life of a tabloid newspaper. Opens Sept 19. *Strand, Aldwych, WC2 (836 2660)*.

A Flea in Her Ear. Richard Jones, who triumphed last year with his award-winning production of *Too Clever by Half*, returns to direct Georges Feydeau's hilarious farce. With Jim Broadbent, Julia Bardsley, Roger Lloyd Pack & Linda Marlowe. *Old Vic, Waterloo Rd, SE1 (928 7616)*.

Frankie & Johnny in the Clair de Lune. Terrence McNally's lightweight comedy, with Julie Walters & Brian Cox as two unorthodox Manhattanites who fall in love. Paul Benedict directs. *Comedy, Panton St, SW1 (930 2578, cc839 1438)*.

Ghetto. Joshua Sobol's grimly powerful drama (adapted by David Lan) about the inhabitants of a Nazi ghetto, & how they kept despair at bay by writing & performing plays. Essentially an ensemble piece, directed with great feeling by Nicholas Hytner. Until Nov 9. *Olivier, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1 (928 2252)*.

Hamlet. Daniel Day-Lewis is not always credible as the Prince in Richard Eyre's production, but Judi Dench as Gertrude & Michael Bryant as Polonius lend much-needed weight. *Olivier, National Theatre*.

Hedda Gabler. Ibsen's masterpiece, here in a new version by Christopher Hampton, with Juliet Stevenson giving a passionate performance as the woman forced to use her sexuality as a weapon. Bob Crowley's Gothic set adds great atmosphere. Howard Davies directs. Until Oct 7. *Olivier, National Theatre*.

Henceforward. Alan Ayckbourn asks whether life, let alone love, with a

creative artist is really worth the effort. Martin Jarvis plays Jerome, a talented composer, & Joanna Van Gyseghem his estranged wife. Until Sept 16. *Vaudeville, Strand, WC2 (836 9987)*.

Jeffrey Bernard is Unwell. Ned Sherrin directs this affectionate account by Keith Waterhouse of the life & drinking times of the infamous low-life columnist, played by Peter O'Toole. Opens Oct 18. *Apollo, Shaftesbury Ave, W1 (437 2663)*.

King John. Nicholas Woodeson plays the title role; Deborah Warner directs. Oct 2-31. *The Pit, Barbican*.

Lettice & Lovage. Peter Shaffer's long-running and very entertaining comedy, now with Carole Shelley as Lettice Douffet, a dippy tourist guide, & Helen Ryan as her exasperated employer, Lotte. Directed by Michael Blakemore. *Globe, Shaftesbury Ave, W1 (437 3667)*.

The Love of the Nightingale. Garry Hynes directs Timberlake Wertenbaker's lyric play, a re-working of the Greek myth of Philomela (played by Katy Beahan). Until Nov 4. *The Pit, Barbican*.

Man, Beast & Virtue. William Gaskill returns to the National to direct Pirandello's comedy about marriage, in a new version by Charles Wood. Written in 1919 & set in an Italian seaport around 1920, the story concerns a man's plan to trick a faithless husband (the Beast) back into the arms of his virtuous wife (Virtue) by means of a powerful aphrodisiac. Opens Sept 7. *Cottesloe, National Theatre*.

The Man Who Came to Dinner. John Wood plays the irascible theatre critic forced to stay with a Middle American family for the winter, with results which must have been both more hilarious and more shocking when the play was first produced in 1939. Directed by Gene Saks, this revival moves entertainingly enough, and there are good minor performances to help it along, but it hardly seems worth the effort. Until Sept 12. *Barbican Theatre, EC2 (638 8891)*.

Ma Rainey's Black Bottom. British premiere for Pulitzer-Prize-winning author August Wilson's story of a legendary recording session by blues singer Gertrude "Ma" Rainey in Chicago in 1927. Carol Woods, who won rave reviews as Billie Holiday in *Blues in the Night*, takes the title role. Directed by Howard Davies. Opens Oct 25. *Cottesloe, National Theatre*.

Mary & Lizzie. Frank McGuinness's new comedy-drama about two sisters, Mary & Lizzie Burns, & their experiences of living with Frederick Engels (played by Simon Russell Beale). Sarah Pia Anderson directs. Sept 27-Nov 2. *The Pit, Barbican*.

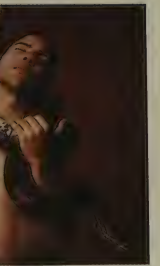
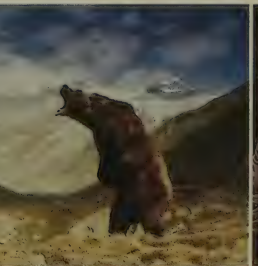
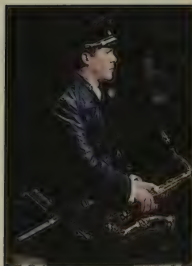
The Master Builder. John Wood plays the aging master builder who has sacrificed his artistic integrity & now lives in shame, in Adrian Noble's new production of the Ibsen classic. Sept 26-Nov 2. *Barbican Theatre*.

M. Butterfly. Anthony Hopkins gives a dependably fine central performance in David Henry Hwang's clever drama based on a true spy scandal, but interweaving elements from Puccini's opera. John Dexter directs with an ambitious mix of European & Asian theatrical styles. *Shaftesbury, Shaftesbury Ave, WC2 (379 5399)*.

The Merchant of Venice. Dustin Hoffman's performance as Shylock is low-key but effective, and Peter Hall's production cannily allows the supporting cast—Geraldine James, Nathaniel Parker & Leigh Lawson among them—space to breathe. Until Sept 23. *Phoenix, Charing Cross Rd, WC2 (836 2294, cc240 9661)*.

The Misanthrope. Paul Unwin directs Edward Petherbridge in the National's co-production with the Bristol Old Vic of Molière's masterpiece. *Lyttelton, National Theatre*.

Miss Saigon. New musical by Alain Boublil & Claude-Michel Schönberg (the team responsible for *Les Misérables*) about a tragic affair between a Vietnamese girl & an American soldier at the time of the fall of Saigon in 1975. Nicholas Hytner directs Jonathan Pryce, Claire Moore,



Alas, Jenkins in Ghetto at the Olivier. Kenneth Branagh plays the king in *Henry V*. Mother bear adopts orphan cub in *The Bear*. Daniel Day-Lewis as Christy Brown

Simon Bowman & Lea Salonga. Opens Sept. 20. *Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, Catherine St.* (836/6008).

Othello. Willard White, Glyndebourne's superb Porgy, plays Othello, his first role in the straight theatre, to Ian McKellen's Iago, with Zoe Wanamaker as Emilia & Imogen Stubbs as Desdemona. It's the RSC's Stratford production, directed by Trevor Nunn. Sept. 29-Nov. 11. *Young Vic, 66 The Cut, SE1* (928/6363).

Our Country's Good. A welcome return for Timberlake Wertenbaker's adaptation of Thomas Kenally's novel *The Playmaker*, about a group of Australian convicts in 1789 preparing to stage a version of *The Recruiting Officer* (see below). With Mark Lambert, Nigel Cooke & Suzanne Packer. In repertoire with *The Recruiting Officer*. Until Sept. 30. *Royal Court, Sloane Sq, SW1* (730/1745).

Paris Match. Comedy by Jean Poiret, which ran for 1,800 performances in Paris. Claire, played by Jan Phillips, returns home unexpectedly to find her husband, Jacques (Stephen Moore), entertaining the beautiful Julie (Leslie Ash). Christopher Renshaw directs the imbroglio. The 80-years-old Bill Gouche appears as the maid. Opens Oct. 4. *Garrick, Charing Cross Rd, WC2* (3760/07).

Perrier Pick of the Fringe. The best acts from the Edinburgh Fringe Festival, including the Perrier Award winner. Sept. 23-Oct. 14. *Dorner Warehouse, Earlsdon St, WC2* (240/8239).

The Plantagenets. Adrian Noble's first three-play cycle. *Henry IV, Edward IV & Richard III*, with Ralph Fiennes, Ken Bones & Anton Lesser as the kings, should lessen the sniping at the RSC. On this evidence they know how to make the most of Shakespeare. (Individual plays in repertoire, with monthly trilogy performances.) Until Nov. 6. *Barbican Theatre*.

The Recruiting Officer. George Farquhar's witty, absorbing story of how two determined women attempt to bring their lovers to heel during an army recruiting drive in 1706. In

repertory with *Our Country's Good*. Until Sept. 30. *Royal Court*.

Re-Joyce. The indefatigable Maureen Lipman returns to the West End to repeat her portrayal of the late Joyce Grenfell, one of our best-loved comedienne, in one of last year's most popular plays. She also co-wrote the script, with James Roose-Evans, based on Grenfell's writings. An affectionate tribute from one funny woman to another. Opens Sept. 19. *Vaudeville*.

Return to the Forbidden Planet. Rock musical set on a spaceship, with strong references to Shakespeare's *Tempest*. Opens Sept. 11. *Cambridge, Earlsdon St, WC2* (379/5299).

RSC season at the Almeida. Three major new productions: *King Lear*, a London premiere with Richard Hadden-Haines in the title role, Desmond Barratt as Gloucester & Patrick Miller as the Fool, directed by Cicely Berry. *Kissing the Pope*, by Nick Drake, a nightmarish account of the Central authorities to subvert the Sandinista revolution in Nicaragua, with Christian Dixon, Mark Hadfield & Edward Peel, directed by Roger Michell. *H.I. D. (Hes is Dead)*, Howard Brenton's cynical & politically caustic look at the apparent suicide in Spandau prison of Hitler's deputy, with David Cadell & Pip Donaghy, directed by Danny Boyle. Plus late-night shows, readings, talks & workshops. Sept. 13-Oct. 28. *Almeida, Almeida St, N1* (359/4004).

The Secret Rapture. David Hare's scathing tuck on Thatcherite values, told through the story of a disintegrating family, shows that modern mainstream political theatre can still have bite. Howard Davies directs Richard O'Callaghan, Susan Tracy, Valerie Gogan & Diana Hardcastle. *Lyttelton, National Theatre*.

The Secret of Sherlock Holmes. Spin-off from the highly-rated TV series, with Jeremy Brett donning the deerstalker to make elementary word of the most complex case Holmes ever faced. Edward Hardwicke plays Watson. Until Sept. 16. *Wyndham's*.

Some Americans Abroad. Darkly humorous story of a group of American academics on a tour of British theatre. Roger Michell directs Simon Russell Beale & Anton Lesser. Until Sept. 12. *The Pit, Barbican*.

Stop the World I want to Get Off. Revival of the 6th musical. Opens Oct. 19. *Lyric, Shaftesbury Ave, W1* (437/3606).

Suicide for Love. The Ninagawa Company from Tokyo return to the National with a tragedy based on the world of puppet-theatre playwright Monzaemon Chikamatsu (1653-1725), with a plot commentary in English available on headsets. Oct. 9. *Lyttelton, National Theatre*.

The Tempest. John Wood pulls the strings most commandingly as Prospero in Nicholas Hytner's fine production from last year's Stratford season. Until Oct. 31. *Barbican Theatre*.

Uncle Vanya. The Moscow Art Theatre's production of the Chekhov classic with Innokenti Smoktunovsky in the title role. Sept. 14-16. *Lyttelton, National Theatre*.

Veterans Day. Robert Flenyng, Jack Lemmon & Michael Gambon are veterans from three different wars (the First World War, Second World War & Vietnam) who meet up in a veterans' hospital as they await the arrival of the US President on Veterans' day. Donald Freed's thought-provoking new political drama is directed by Kevin Billington. *Theatre Royal, Haymarket, SW1* (930/8622).

The Voyageur Inheritance. A father dies, leaving his son with the burden of the knowledge of a hidden crime. Harley Granville Barker's 1903 play is directed by Richard Eyre. *Colston, National Theatre*.

The Woman in Black. Ponderous, old-fashioned ghost story, adapted by Stephen Mallatra: from a novel by Susan Hill. It fails to chill. *Fortune Theatre, Russell St, WC2* (836/2238).

RECOMMENDED LONG-RUNNERS

Blood Brothers. *Others* (867 1115, cc867 1111; *Cats*, New London (403

0072); *Les Liaisons Dangereuses* (Ambassadors' (828 6111); *Me & My Girl*, Adelphi (836 7611); *Les Misérables*, Palace (434 0909); *The Mousetrap*, St Martin's (836 1443); *The Phantom of the Opera*, Her Majesty's (839 2244).

OUT OF TOWN

RSC season at Stratford. At the Royal Shakespeare Theatre: *At the Top Like It*, with Sophie Thompson as Rosalind, & Clifford Rose as Dukes Senior & Frederick; directed by John Caird. Opens Sept. 13. *All's Well That Ends Well*, with Patricia Kerrigan as Helena & Clifford Rose as Lafeu; directed by Harry Kyrle. Opens Oct. 10. At the Swan Theatre: *Pericles*, with Nigel Terry in the title role & Susan Silverstone as his daughter Marina; directed by David Thacker. Opens Sept. 12. *Singer*, Peter Flannery's modern Jacobean tragic-comedy, set in the last four decades of post-war Britain, featuring the return of Antony Sher to the company in the title role; directed by Terry Hands. Opens Oct. 11. *Royal Shakespeare Theatre, Stratford-upon-Avon, Warwick*, CV37 6BB (0789 259253).

CINEMA

The following are some of the most interesting plays showing in and around London in the coming months.

Another Woman (PG). Lifeless and laughless melodrama from Woody Allen, who wrote the screenplay & directed. Gene Rowlands is a successful career-woman who has recently passed her 50th birthday, & is only just beginning to get her life into perspective, amid much naval-contemporary. Even the presence of Ian Holm, Mia Farrow & Gene Hackman cannot keep you from wondering whether you looked the back door.

Batman 12. Holy blockbuster! The caped crusader returns—but not in the camp guise beloved by fans of the 1960s TV show. Instead, director Tim Burton has opted for a "darker" interpretation, based on the original

comic-book, with Batman (Michael Keaton) as a "brooding avenger". Kim Basinger is the love interest, Jack Nicholson the permanently-grinning Joker. The Gotham City set cost a reputed \$20 million.

The Bear (PG). Stunningly photographed part-documentary, part-adventure story about an abandoned cub reared by another bear. Directed Jean-Jacques Annaud (*Nome of the Sea*) & producer Claude Berri (*Quant de Fierté*) artily distance themselves from the 60s Disney "nature" movies. Opens Sept. 22.

Dead Poets Society (PG). Australian director Peter Weir's accomplished but over-sentimental classroom drama, set in the 1950s, stars the hyperactive Robin Williams (hollytyped to play the Riddler in the *Batman* sequel) in his first major straight role as an English teacher who defies the school authorities. Opens Sept. 22.

Dealers (15). British yuppie drama & Wall Street spin-off, set in the high-pressure world of city finance. Paul McGann (the Monocled Mutineer) is a promising dealer in a top bank who loses out on promotion to Rebecca DeMornay, a beautiful American brought in by the directors to make good a trading loss. But, as the dice covers, all is not what it seems. With John Castle & Paul Giamatti; directed by Colin Bucksey.

Eric the Viking (PG). Jolly Nordic romp about a Viking warrior, Erik (Tim Robbins), who thinks there is more to life than rape & pillage, & sets off on an adventure involving sailing off the edge of the world. Ex-Python Terry Jones directs, wrote the screenplay & makes a cameo appearance. Joining him in front of the cameras are John Cleese (as the chief badfide), Anthony Sher, Imogen Stubbs, Mickey Rooney, Freddie Jones, Eartha Kitt & Gillian-ese special effects. Opens Sept. 20.

Henry V (PG). Kenneth Branagh's lavish Renaissance Theatre/Film Company production is a thorough

re-working of the 1944 classic & an affectionate tribute to Laurence Olivier. With Branagh himself as the Big King, Robbie Coltrane as Falstaff, Ian Holm as Fluellen, Derek Jacobi as the chorus & Judi Dench as Mistress Quickly. Opens Oct. 6.

Indiana Jones & the Last Crusade (PG). Indy Jr (Harrison Ford) joins forces with Indy Sr (Sean Connery) to wrestle the Holy Grail away from some irredeemably nasty Nazis. Steven Spielberg's third in the series is formulaised, but has its moments. Better than the tasteless *Temple of Doom*, but fewer thrills than *Raiders*.

The Iron Triangle (18). A Vietnam movie with a difference, this time the war is seen through the eyes of a Vietnamese. In a story based on a diary found on the body of a dead enemy soldier, Liam Neeson stars as a young Viet Cong who develops a relationship with an American infantry officer (Beau Bridges). Costars Hanoi Ngor & Johnny Hallyday. Opens Sept. 22.

Jackie (15). Twenty years on, two Vietnam veterans (Robert De Niro & Ed Harris) are still battling with the psychological effects of the war—a situation not helped when one falls for the other's sister. Directed by David Jones. Opens Sept. 8.

Licence to Kill (15). The latest Bond movie stars Timothy Dalton, in his second outing as 007, on a personal crusade to help out his old friend CIA agent Felix Leiter. Bloodier & less jokey than its predecessors.

Millennium (PG). Big-budget, time-travel adventure, packed with special effects, loosely concerning the investigation by a government official (Kris Kristofferson) into the cause of an airline crash, & the unexpected help he receives from the mysterious Cheryl Ladd—an inhabitant of a future world. Directed by Michael Anderson. Opens Oct. 20.

My Left Foot (15). Daniel Day-Lewis is excellent as Christy Brown, the gifted Irish painter & writer severely handicapped by cerebral palsy. Jim Sheridan's taut direction is unpatro-

ning & compassionate.

New York Stories (15). Three cinematic short stories about the Big Apple by directors closely associated with the city—Martin Scorsese, Francis Coppola & Woody Allen. A mixed bag, with Scorsese's story about a painter's failure to transfer his passion from canvas to real life easily the superior. Allen's contribution is a return to comedy, but the Jewish humor is not as sharp as it once was. Opens Oct. 6.

Sex, Lies & Videotape (18). Dark comic drama about sexual manners, set in contemporary Louisiana, with James Spader, Andrew McDowell & Peter Gallagher. A highly accomplished directorial debut from an American Steve Soderberg, which unexpectedly won the coveted Palm d'Or at Cannes. Opens Sept. 8.

Slaves of New York (15). Producer Ismail Merchant & director James Ivory past masters at bringing historical novels to the screen, turn their attention to Tama Janowitz's controversial chronicle of hip New York life in the 80s. Bernadette Peters, Chris Sarandon & Janowitz are among the tortured artists & intellectuals.

Star Trek V: The Final Frontier (PG). Boldly going where they have been four times before, the crew of Starship Enterprise find themselves up against the cunning Spock, a renegade Vulcan intent on usurping the craft for his own evil purposes. All the original team are here—Leonard Nimoy, DeForest Kelly, George Takei, James Doohan & Walter Koenig, with William Shatner (Captain Kirk) making his directorial debut. Opens mid-Oct.

Talk Radio (18). Oliver Stone's electrifying adaptation of Eric Bogosian's play about American "shock jocks"—slut-jocks on ringing talk shows who deliberately insult their callers for the sake of entertainment. When Jewish DJ Barry Champlain (a superb performance by Bogosian) starts to get calls from neo-fascists, the tension in his Chicago studio rises to

boiling point. Believable, chair-gripping drama. Opens Sept. 22.

Three Fugitives (PG). Director Francis Verber sets a laugh-a-minute pace in this Hollywood remake of his French smash *Les Fugitifs*, an "odd couple" story about an ex-con (Nick Nolte) & an amateur crook (Martin Short) forced to hole up together after being implicated in a bank robbery. Co-starring James Earl Jones & Sarah Rowland Doroff.

We Think the World of You (PG). Gentle comedy-drama featuring an outstanding performance by Alan Bates as a middle-aged homosexual whose hurt at being rejected by the brain Gary Oldman is eased when he adopts a faithful dog. Opens Sept. 22.

When the Whales Came (U). Finely-acted but sluggishly-paced fable set in a remote fishing community on a tiny island in the Shetlands in 1914. Paul Scofield is a hermit who befriends two children (Max Ramee & Helen Pearce) & tells them about the curse of the whales which will destroy the islanders if they are not careful. Several of the critics' preview audiences sleepily thought, but may delight children. Opens Sept. 8.

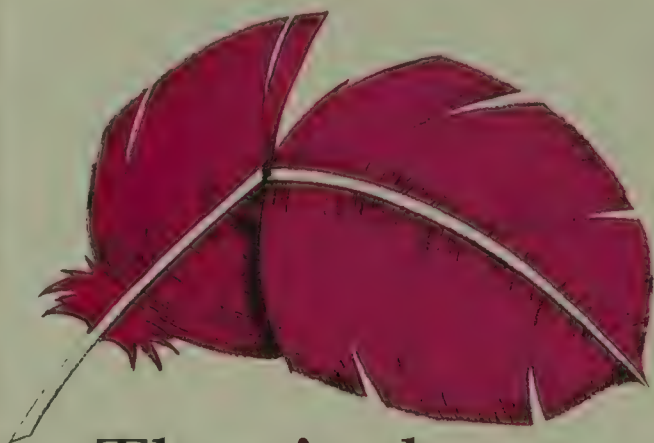
Wired (18). Supposedly the true story of the life & fast times of American comic John Belushi, who died of a drugs overdose in 1982. Young unknown Michael Chiklis takes the lead. Opens Oct. 6.

Young Einstein (PG). Decidedly unorthodox account of the early life of Albert Einstein, played for laughs by a wild-haired Australian named Yahoo Serious (who also directed & co-wrote the screenplay). A tiny teen-movie that makes up in enthusiasm what it lacks in subtlety & historical veracity. Opens Oct. 13.

OPERA

ENGLISH NATIONAL OPERA
London Coliseum, St Martin's Lane, WC2 (836 3161, cc 240 5258).

The Magic Flute. Nicholas Hytner's reappraisal of Mozart's most sexist opera, with Thomas Randle as



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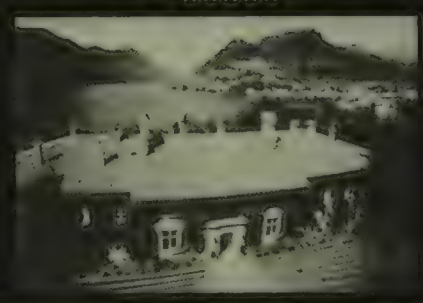
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Glass's *1000 Airplanes* at Sadler's Wells. Altynai Asylmuratova to dance *La Bayadère* with the Royal Ballet.

Tamino, Cathryn Pope & Joan Rodgers sharing the role of Pamina, Alan Opie & Nicholas Folwell sharing that of Papageno, Sept 7,9,12,15,20, 22,26,28,30, Oct 5,7,11,13,18,21,25.

Katya Kabanova. Albert Rosen conducts David Pountney's imaginative production, with Kathryn Harries as Katya & Pauline Tinsley as the Kabanicha. Sept 6,8,13,16,19.

A Masked Ball. New production by David Alden, designed by David Fielding, conducted by Mark Elder. Arthur Davies & Richard Margison share the role of Gustavus III, Janice Cairns & Elizabeth Byrne share that of Amelia, with Jonathan Summers as Anckarstroem. Sept 14,18,21,23, 27,29, Oct 4,6,10,16,19,24,27.

Street Scene. Kurt Weill's score, based on a play by Elmer Rice which tells a story of ill-fated love on a shabby street in Manhattan. David Pountney produces & the cast includes Kristine Ciesinski, Richard Van Allan, Janis Kelly, Bonaventure Bottone. Oct 12,14 (previews), 17,20,26,28, Nov 2,4,7,10,15,17,23.

PHILIP GLASS ENSEMBLE

Sadler's Wells, Rosebery Ave, EC1 (278 8916).

1000 Airplanes on the Roof. Music drama created from Philip Glass's music, a text by David Henry Hwang & the photographic projections of Jerome Sirlin. It tells the story of M, an everyman who is abducted by an alien spaceship, returned to Earth & told to forget about the event. It is said to be "an inner journey, a discovery of the self". Oct 23-28.

ROYAL OPERA

Covent Garden WC2 (240 1066/1911).

Rigoletto. Sian Edwards conducts this revival of last season's production by Nuria Espert. Ingvar Wixell sings the title role, with Leontina Vaduva as Gilda. Sept 12,15,18,20,23,25,28.

Die Walküre. First part of a new cycle of Wagner's *Ring*, produced by Götz Friedrich, designed by Peter Sykora, conducted by Bernard Haitink. James Morris sings Wotan, Gwyneth Jones sings Brünnhilde, with René

Kollo & Warren Ellsworth sharing the role of Siegmund, Gabriele Schnaut as Sieglinde & John Tomlinson as Hunding. Sept 27, Oct 2,7,10,14,20,24.

Peter Grimes. Philip Langridge sings the title role for the first time at Covent Garden, with Felicity Lott as Ellen Orford. Oct 18,21,23,26,28.

THEATRE LUDWIGSHAFEN/ACADEMY OF ANCIENT MUSIC

Sadler's Wells Theatre, Rosebery Ave, EC1 (278 8916).

Die Entführung aus dem Serail. Christopher Hogwood conducts his own orchestra who play on instruments appropriate to the period of Mozart's opera. Production by Rudolf Sauser, designs by Uwe Thill. The cast includes Lynne Dawson, Marianne Hirsti, Douglas Johnson, Nico van der Meel. Sept 6,8,10,12,14,16.

OUT OF TOWN

GLYNDEBOURNE TOURING OPERA

Il barbiere di Siviglia. French baritone René Massis sings the role of Figaro, with Louis Winter as Rosina & Robert Tate as Count Almaviva. John Cox's production is restaged by David Edwards in William Dudley's handsome Spanish sets. Ivor Bolton conducts.

Le nozze di Figaro. Peter Maxwell Davies conducts his first Mozart opera, with Robert Poulton as Figaro, Alison Hagley as Susanna, Elizabeth Gale as the Countess & Robert Hayward as the Count. Peter Hall's production is directed by Stephen Metcalf.

Death in Venice. New production by Stephen Lawless of Britten's last opera, with designs by Tobias Hoheisel. Robert Tear sings Aschenbach, Alan Opie the Traveller. Graeme Jenkins conducts.

Glyndebourne, Lewes (0273 541111). Oct 10-16, 23-28. Theatre Royal, Plymouth (0752 669595) Oct 31-Nov 4. Apollo, Oxford (0865 244544).

OPERA NORTH

Peter Grimes. The season opens with a new production by Ronald

Eyre, conducted by David Lloyd-Jones. John Treleaven sings Grimes, with Marie Slorach as Ellen Orford & Malcolm Donnelly as Balstrode.

Tosca. Mary-Jane Johnson sings the title role, with Edmund Barham as Cavaradossi & Donald Maxwell as Scarpia, in Ian Judge's production which updates the action to the period when Rome was under Fascist rule.

La finta giardiniera. Mozart's early opera, staged, in the recently rediscovered original version, by Tim Albery & conducted by Alan Hacker. The cast includes Anne Dawson, Linda Kitchen & Nigel Robson.

Grand Theatre, Leeds (0532 459351). Sept 23-Oct 14.

WELSH NATIONAL OPERA

Der Freischütz. New production by André Engel of a rarely seen opera, conducted by Peter Hirsch, with Rita Cullis as Agathe, Eirian Davies as Aennchen, Joseph Evans as Max, Richard Paul Fink as Caspar.

Lucia di Lammermoor. Charles Mackerras conducts Rennie Wright's production & Canadian soprano Frances Ginzer sings the title role, with Peter Bronder as Edgardo & Mark Holland as Enrico.

The Bartered Bride. Rudolf Noelte's production returns with Christine Bunning singing Mařenka, Ryland Davies as Jenik, David Owen as Vasek & Stafford Dean as Kecal. Charles Mackerras, an authority on Czech music, conducts in Cardiff.

New Theatre, Cardiff (0222 394844). Sept 16-Oct 7. Empire, Liverpool (051-709 1555). Oct 10-14. Mayflower, Southampton (0703 229771). Oct 17-21. Grand, Swansea (0792 475715). Oct 24-28.

DANCE

Dance Umbrella 1989 Festival of contemporary dance, held at venues throughout London, this year with a French flavour. Companies taking part include Groupe Emile Dubois, Roc in Lichen. The Cholmondeleys & the Siobhan Davies Company.

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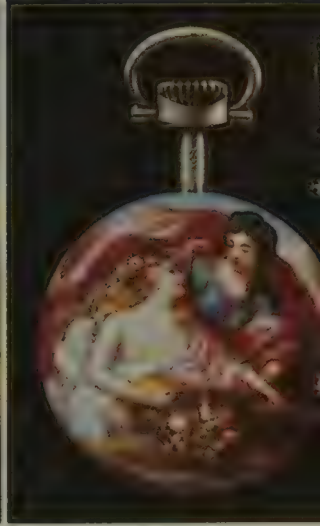
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Oct 4-Nov 18. Information: 388 8782.

Merce Cunningham & Company.

A welcome return for the innovative modern dance troupe, with four programmes including four British premières: *Field & Figures*, *Eleven*, *Carousel*, & *Cargo X*. Other highlights include Andy Warhol's designs for *Rainforest* (Programme 1), & John Cage's score for *Points in Space* (Programme 4). Oct 31-Nov 11. *Sadler's Wells, Rosebery Ave, EC1* (278 8916).

Moves Afoot 1: new dance works.

With Sue MacLennan's Occasional Dance Company, Gary Rowe, Louise Richards & Kevin Finnan, Sept 9; with Nick Burge, Ruth Barnes, Yolande Snaith & Cathy Crick, Sept 10. *Purcell Room, South Bank Centre, SE1* (928 8800).

Royal Ballet. *La Bayadere*. Natalia Makarova's full-length production, with a guest appearance by Altyнай Asylmuratova of the Kirov Ballet on Oct 4. Sept 29, 30 (m&e), Oct 3, 4, 13. *Triple Bill: Rubies* (Capriccio for Piano & Orchestra), jewel of the Balanchine/Stravinsky partnership; *Piano*, new ballet by Ashley Page set to Beethoven's First Piano Concerto; *Requiem*, revival of the Kenneth MacMillan classic, with music by Fauré, to celebrate the choreographer's 60th birthday. Oct 6, 9, 12, 27. *Swan Lake*, with Yolande Sonnabend's critically-lauded Fabergé period designs. Oct 19, 21 (at 11.30am), 25, Nov 8. *Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, WC2* (240 1066/1911).

MUSIC

ALBERT HALL

Kensington Gore, SW7 (589 8212/9465). 95th season of Henry Wood Promenade Concerts, at 7.30pm.

BBC Symphony Orchestra. Oliver Knussen conducts the world première of *The Protecting Veil* by John Tavener, a work for cello & string orchestra, & the first complete public performance of Minna Keal's Symphony, plus works by Debussy, Mussorgsky, Stravinsky, & his own *Flourish with*

Fireworks. Sept 4.

Monteverdi Choir, English Baroque Soloists. John Eliot Gardiner conducts Bach's Mass in B minor, using similar forces to those requested by Bach from the Leipzig town council in 1730. Sept 6.

BBC Welsh Symphony Orchestra. Richard Armstrong conducts Beethoven's Piano Concerto No 5, with Hugh Tinney as soloist, the world première of Alun Hoddinott's *Star Children* & Elgar's *Enigma Variations*. Sept 7.

Scottish Chamber Orchestra. Peter Maxwell Davies conducts the world première of his own Symphony No 4, Haydn's Symphony No 43 & Mozart's Piano Concerto No 27, with Andras Schiff as soloist. Sept 10.

Berlin Radio Symphony Orchestra. Two programmes conducted by Vladimir Ashkenazy. Mussorgsky, Shostakovich's *Suite on verses of Michelangelo*, with Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau as soloist, & *Also sprach Zarathustra* by Richard Strauss, Sept 11; Brahms's Symphony No 1 & Shostakovich's Symphony No 6, Sept 12.

BBC Symphony Orchestra, Singers & Symphony Chorus, London Philharmonic Choir. Beethoven's *Missa Solemnis*, conducted by John Pritchard. Sept 14.

London Mozart Players. Jane Glover conducts an all-Mozart programme, including the Clarinet Concerto & Symphony No 39. Sept 15.

BBC Symphony Orchestra, Singers & Symphony Chorus. John Pritchard takes his farewell as chief conductor while directing the novelties & familiar works associated with the last night. Sept 16.

BARBICAN HALL

EC2 (638 8891).

London Symphony Orchestra celebrates its 85th anniversary. Principal conductor Michael Tilson Thomas opens the season with the UK première of Colin Matthews's *Quatrain*, plus works by Beethoven & Stravinsky, Sept 17; he conducts three all-Brahms programmes featuring

Vladimir Feltsman, piano, Paul Tortelier, cello, Anne-Sophie Mutter, violin, Sept 21, 24, Oct 1; he conducts the 85th birthday gala with Anne-Sophie Mutter & James Galway, flute, Sept 28. Rafael Frunbeck de Burgos conducts two concerts, Turina, Rodrigo, Mahler, Oct 5; Beethoven, Mahler, Oct 8. Mstislav Rostropovich is the soloist in Cello Concertos by Milhaud & Dvořák, under Kent Nagano, Oct 27. Colin Davis conducts two performances of Berlioz's *Damnation of Faust*, Nov 1, 2.

English Chamber Orchestra. Handel, Mozart, Vivaldi, director Philip Ledger, Sept 20; Mozart, Stravinsky, conductor Colin Davies, Sept 27; Mozart programme, conductor Leopold Hager, Oct 20; Dvořák, Nielsen, Berwald, conductor Jeffrey Tate, Oct 30; 7.45pm.

Great Brandenburg Marathon. London Bach Orchestra play all six Brandenburg Concertos, directed by Malcolm Layfield. Oct 3, 7.45pm.

Hanover Band play works by Rossini, Mozart & Mendelssohn, on period instruments, conducted by Roy Goodman. Oct 4, 7.45pm.

Celebrity Recitals: Pinchas Zukerman, violin, Marc Neikrug, piano, play Stravinsky, Beethoven, Schumann, Oct 8; Kalichstein/Robinson/Laredo Trio play Beethoven, Shostakovich, Brahms, Oct 22; 4pm.

Save the Children 70th anniversary concert. Charles Groves conducts the London Philharmonic in the world première of *The Dong with the Luminous Nose* by Stephen Oliver, a setting of the poem by Edward Lear, with Norman Bailey as narrator; Julian Lloyd Webber is the soloist in Elgar's Cello Concerto; Dvořák's Symphony No 8. Oct 17, 7.45pm.

Great Orchestras of the World: Tokyo Philharmonic Orchestra, under Tadaaki Otakā, play Rachmaninov & Tchaikovsky, Oct 18; Moscow Symphony Orchestra, under Gennadi Rozhdestvensky, Tchaikovsky, Shostakovich, Oct 23; Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra, under

Lorin Maazel, Barber, Tchaikovsky, Beethoven, Oct 26; 7.45pm.

Magyarok: Britain salutes Hungary. A survey of recent cultural developments in Hungary.

Budapest Festival Orchestra. Ivan Fischer conducts Kodály, Liszt, Bartók, Oct 25, 7.45pm.

City of Birmingham Symphony Orchestra. Two concerts conducted by Simon Rattle. Strauss, Liszt, Oct 28, 7.45pm. Bartók's *Wooden Prince* & *Miraculous Mandarin*, Oct 29, 7.30pm.

Liszt Piano Series: Zoltán Kocsis gives the first recital. Oct 29, 4pm.

FESTIVAL HALL

South Bank Centre, SE1 (928 8800).

Moura Lympany. The distinguished pianist celebrates her 60 years on the concert platform by playing an all-Chopin programme. Sept 10, 3.15pm.

Chicago Symphony Orchestra. Georg Solti conducts Schubert's Symphony No 5 & Shostakovich's Symphony No. 8. Sept 18, 7.30pm.

Royal Philharmonic Orchestra. Yuri Temirkanov conducts Glinka, Brahms, Mussorgsky/Ravel, Sept 21; Prokofiev, Sibelius, Rimsky-Korsakov, Sept 26; Brahms, Rachmaninov, Sept 29; 7.30pm.

Academy of St Martin-in-the-Fields. Neville Marriner conducts the first UK performance of Argento's *Casa Guidi*, five songs for mezzo-soprano & orchestra, sung by Frederica von Stade, also works by Respighi, Ravel & Debussy. Sept 23, 7.30pm.

Royal Concertgebouw Orchestra. Wolfgang Sawallisch conducts Beethoven, Strauss, Dvořák. Sept 24, 3.15pm.

London Philharmonic. Klaus Tennstedt conducts Beethoven & Strauss, with Maurizio Pollini, piano, Sept 24; Barber, Beethoven & Dvořák, with Kyung Wha Chung, violin, Sept 28, 7.30pm.

Philharmonia Orchestra & Chorus. Giuseppe Sinopoli conducts Mahler's Symphony No 2, with Lucia Popp & Waltraud Meier. Sept 30, 7.30pm.



Academy. *Lolli pop Isle* in Finnish glass at the Victoria & Albert

BBC Symphony Orchestra. Lothar Zagrosek conducts Mozart & Mahler, Oct 12; Mozart & Bruckner, Oct 21; 7.30pm.

Richard Strauss: the arrogant genius. Vladimir Ashkenazy conducts the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra in three concerts. Oct 17, 20, 24, 7.30pm.

London Mozart Players. Jane Glover conducts Mozart, Haydn, Beethoven. Oct 18, 7.30pm.

Ligeti by Ligeti: a series of concerts focussing on the music of György Ligeti given by the Philharmonia, London Sinfonietta, Academy of St Martin-in-the Fields. Oct 23, 24, 25, 28, 29, 30, including an introductory talk by the composer on the 23rd & a concert performance of the opera *Le Grand Macabre* on the 30th.

Philharmonia Orchestra. Carlo Maria Giulini conducts Weber, Mendelssohn's Violin Concerto, with Salvatore Accardo, & Brahms's Symphony No 4. Oct 26, 7.30pm; Oct 29, 3.15pm (repeat).

ROYAL NAVAL COLLEGE CHAPEL
King William Walk, Greenwich, SE10.
Box office: 151 Powis St, Woolwich SE18 (317 8687, CC 855 5900).

English Chamber Orchestra, Tallis Choir. Philip Sims conducts Verdi's Requiem, with Jo Ann Pickens, Sarah Walker, Jeffrey Talbot, Gwynne Howell as soloists. Oct 10, 7.30pm.

ROYAL OPERA HOUSE
Covent Garden, WC2 (2401066/1911).

Sergei Leiferkus, baritone, **Graham Johnson,** piano. The Soviet baritone sings Glinka's song cycle *Farewell to St Petersburg* & Musorgsky's *Songs & Dances of Death*, five songs by Tchaikovsky. Sept 26, 8pm.

Ileana Cotrubas, soprano, **Geoffrey Parsons,** piano. The Rumanian soprano sings songs by Alessandresco, Berg, Debussy, Marx. Oct 5, 8pm.

Thomas Allen, baritone, **Geoffrey Parsons,** piano. English songs by Britten, Butterworth, Quilter, Vaughan Williams. Oct 11, 8pm.

EXHIBITIONS

ARTHUR ACKERMANN
33 New Bond St, W1 (4937647).

Autumn exhibition. Includes a painting by Henry Alken Senior (1785-1851) recording the winning of the 1844 Derby by *Running Rein*, which later turned out to be another horse called *Maccabaeus*. The race was finally awarded to the second horse, *Orlando*. Oct 4-28.

BARBICAN GALLERY
Barbican Centre, EC2 (6384141).

Through the Looking Glass: Photographic Art in Great Britain 1945-1989. More than 250 works portray the upsurge in creative British photography since the Second World War, using Bill Brandt's work as a starting point, & taking in David Hockney, Richard Hamilton & Helen Chadwick. Until Oct 1.

A Golden Age: Art & Society in Hungary 1896-1914. Celebrating the development of fine & applied arts & architecture in Hungary at the turn of the century, with particular emphasis on the development there of Art Nouveau. Oct 25-Jan 15.

£3, concessions £1.50. Mon-Sat 10am-6.45pm, Sun noon-5.45pm
BATTERSEA ARTS CENTRE
Lavender Hill, SW11 (223 2223).

Winston Smith. American artist who works exclusively in the medium of photocopier art. He gives a talk on his work on Oct 4, 7.30pm. Sept 29-Oct 29. Wed-Sun noon-8pm.

DUNCAN CAMPBELL FINE ART
15 Thackeray St, W8 (937 8665).

Rowland Hilder. Some 40 of his latest paintings, including oils, watercolours, drawings & etchings. Oct 4-Nov 3. Tues-Fri 11am-6pm, Sat 10am-5pm.

CRAFTS COUNCIL GALLERY
12 Waterloo Pl, SW1 (930 4811).

Out of the Wood: Trees & Woods in the Contemporary Imagination. Touring exhibition organised by the ecology group Common Ground, featuring art inspired by forests, trees & leaves. Until Oct 8.

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Warhol self-portrait in Hayward Gallery retrospective. Nick Faldo to play in the

Jim Partridge. Furniture & artwork from the celebrated English wood-turner & sculptor. Until Oct 8. Tues-Sat 10am-5pm, Sun 2-5pm.

GARRARD'S

112 Regent St, W1 (734 7020).

Patek Philippe Watches. To mark the company's 150th anniversary, an exhibition of exquisite time-pieces created by master-craftsmen. Includes enamelled watches made for Queen Victoria & Rudyard Kipling. Oct 2-14. Mon-Fri 9.30am-5.30pm, Sat 9.30am-1pm.

HAYWARD GALLERY

South Bank Centre, SE1 (928 3144).

Andy Warhol. Major retrospective of the American pop artist, encompassing his prolific output of paintings, sculpture, photographs, films & illustrations, including his most celebrated images of Chairman Mao & Marilyn Monroe, & the Campbell's soup-can series. Sept 7-Nov 5. Mon-Wed 10am-8pm, Thurs-Sat until 6pm. £4.50, concessions & everybody. Sun 10am-2pm, £2.25.

INSTITUTE OF CONTEMPORARY ARTS

The Mall, SW1 (930 0493).

Meret Oppenheim, 1923-83. Retrospective of one of the foremost Swiss artists of the 20th century, including paintings, sculpture & photography. Until Oct 15.

Gerhard Richter: 18 Oktober 1977. Only British showing of the controversial series of paintings by this German avant-garde artist on the suspicious "suicide" in prison of three members of the Red Army Faction in 1977. Until Oct 1.

Daily noon-8pm. Day pass £1.

NATIONAL GALLERY

Trafalgar Sq, WC2 (839 3321).

Madeleine Strindberg. The first abstract painter to become artist in residence at the National. Oct 14-Mar 31. Mon-Sat 10am-6pm, Sun 2-6pm.

NATIONAL MARITIME MUSEUM

Greenwich, SE10 (858 4422).

Mutiny on the Bounty. Exhibits, including Captain Bligh's original sea-stained notebook, shed new light on him & his role in the affair. Until

Oct 1. Mon-Sat 10am-6pm, Sun noon-6pm. £3, concessions £1.10.

NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY

St Martin's Pl, WC2 (930 1552).

Lewis Morley: Photographer of the 60s. Morley's witty & elegant work epitomises the buoyant spirit of a time when Britain had "never had it so good". Sept 15-Jan 7.

Tom Phillips: Portraits. The first retrospective of one of Britain's most distinguished painters. Oct 6-Jan 21. Mon-Fri 10am-5pm, Sat 10am-6pm, Sun 2-6pm. £2.50, concessions £1.50.

ROYAL ACADEMY

Piccadilly, W1 (439 7438).

Gauguin & the School of Pont-Aven, 1888-96. Graphic works inspired by the Brittany landscape by the group of artists led by Paul Gauguin. Sept 9-Nov 19. Daily 10am-6pm. £2.50, concessions & everybody Sun until 1.45pm £1.70.

The Art of Photography 1839-1989. First RA exhibition to present photography as an art form in its own right. A celebration of the medium's 150th anniversary, with 480 original prints from different parts of the world displayed in historical sections. Sept 22-Dec 23. Daily 10am-6pm. £4, concessions & everybody Sun until 1.45pm £2.70.

ROYAL BRITAIN EXHIBITION

Aldersgate St, EC2 (588 0588).

Royal Cartoons. Two centuries of royal cartoons ranging from Cruikshank's 18th-century caricatures to modern newspaper strips. Oct 2-20. Daily 9am-5.30pm.

SERPENTINE GALLERY

Kensington Gdns, W2 (402 6075).

Success is a Job in New York: the early art & business of Andy Warhol. Presenting for the first time in Britain Warhol's output as a commercial artist in the 1950s, including record covers & book jackets. Until Oct 1. Daily 11am-5.30pm.

VICTORIA & ALBERT MUSEUM

Cromwell Rd, SW7 (589 6371).

Edward Bawden: The Art of Design. Now 86 & still producing original work, Bawden is recognised



Ryder Cup. Rhythmic gymnastics at Wembley. Heathcote Williams reads from his book Sacred Elephant at Cheltenham Festival.

as a master of the illustrated book, printmaking, poster-design & mural art. He was also the official Second World War artist attached to campaigns in the Middle East & North Africa. Until Oct 29.

Scandinavia: Ceramics & glass in the 20th century. The most comprehensive exhibition of Scandinavian ceramics & glass ever held in this country, with emphasis on contemporary designers. Sept 20-Jan 7.

Andy Warhol: The Factory years 1964-67. Photographs of the artist at work & play by Nat Finkelstein, controversial member of the "Factory" set. Sept 6-Nov 12.

Vision of Britain: Prince Charles. Exhibition devoted to the Prince of Wales, his views on architecture & planning, his code of good practice & his hopes & fears for the future. Sept 8-Oct 22.

Mon-Sat 10am-5.30pm, Sun 2.30-5.30pm. Voluntary donation, suggested £2, concessions 50p.

WHITECHAPEL ART GALLERY
Whitechapel High St, E1 (377 0107).

1989 Whitechapel Open. Annual exhibition of work selected from an open submission by artists living, working or studying in the City & East London. Recognised as an important indicator of emerging trends in British art. Sept 15-Oct 22. Tues-Sun 11am-5pm, Wed until 8pm.

SPORT

BOWLS

OPAS Pairs. Sept 16. *Waterloo Hotel, Blackpool, Lancs.*

Greenall Champion of Champions. Sept 23. *Waterloo Hotel, Blackpool, Lancs.*

CRICKET

Refuge Assurance Cup Semi-Final. Sept 6-7. *Lord's NW8.*

Britannic Assurance League match: Middlesex v Sussex. Sept 8-12. *Lord's, NW8.*

EQUESTRIANISM

Horse of the Year Show. Oct 3-7. *Wembley Arena, Wembley, Middx.*

Remy Martin Horse Trials. Sept 7-10. *Burghley, Lincs.*

GOLF

English Champion Club Tournament.

Sept 8-9. *Southport & Ainsdale, Southport, Merseyside.*

English County Finals. Sept 29-Oct 1. *St Enodoc, Rock, Wadebridge, Cornwall.*

Ryder Cup: Europe v USA. Sept 22-24. *The Belfry, Sutton Coldfield.*

GYMNASTICS

Daily Mirror Rhythmic Gymnastics International. Nov 5. *Wembley Conference Centre, Middx.*

HORSE RACING

Doncaster Cup. Sept 14. *Doncaster, S Yorks.*

Ladbroke's Gold Cup. Sept 22. *Ayr, Ayrshire.*

Queen Elizabeth II Stakes. Sept 30. *Ascot, Berks.*

Holsten Pils St Leger Stakes. Sept 16. *Doncaster, S Yorks.*

Dubai Champion Stakes & Tote Cesarewitch Handicap. Oct 21. *Newmarket, Suffolk.*

LAWN TENNIS

Brighton Tournament. Oct 23-29. *Brighton Centre, Brighton, Sussex.*

MOTOR RACING

Manx Trophy Rally. Sept 12-15. *Isle of Man.*

SNOOKER

Rothman's Grand Prix Tournament: third & final rounds. Oct 9-12, 14-22. *The Hexagon, Reading, Berks.*

SWIMMING

Great Britain Masters. Nov 3-5. *Coventry Sports Centre, W Midlands.*

FESTIVALS

ALDEBURGH BRITTEN-MOZART FESTIVAL

Five days of concerts & recitals in which the music of Benjamin Britten is coupled with that of Mozart. The first concert is given in the Maltings by the Northern Sinfonia, conducted by its new artistic director, the cellist Heinrich Schiff. Blythburgh & Orford churches are the venues for recitals by

the Britten & Shostakovich String Quartets & the Albion Ensemble. The weekend concludes with two concert performances of *Don Giovanni*, given by singers & the orchestra from the Britten-Pears School, conducted by Stuart Bedford. Oct 26-30.

Aldeburgh Showcase Concerts: Young musicians from the Britten-Pears School for Advanced Musical Studies give recitals in seven historic buildings in Suffolk: country houses, medieval barns & a parish church. Soloists are Jamie MacDougall, tenor, Richard Hosford, clarinet, Fionnuala Hunt, violin, José Feghali, piano, Susan Arnold, soprano, & the Britten-Pears Ensemble. Ticket includes a glass of fine wine. Loudham Hall, Sept 18; Leiston Abbey Barn, Sept 19; Somerleyton Hall, Sept 20; Aldeburgh Parish Church, Sept 21; Great Whelnetham Hall Barn, Sept 22; Cockfield Hall, Sept 23; Otley Hall, Sept 24; 7.30pm.

Box office: *Aldeburgh Foundation, High St, Aldeburgh, Suffolk IP15 5AX (0728 453543).*

CANTERBURY FESTIVAL

The theme of Sea Pictures is reflected throughout a broad programme of music, theatre, film, exhibitions, walks & talks, headed by a major exhibition of Turner's views of the Kent coast at the Royal Museum & Art Gallery. On the opening day the Band of the Royal Marines gets the festival off to a rousing start as it marches through the city, & street entertainment includes stilt walkers, jugglers, morris dancers & a firework display on the university campus. Benjamin Britten's church parable *The Burning Fiery Furnace* will be staged by Kent Opera in the Cathedral Chapter House, & his children's opera *Noyes Fludde* will be performed by 400 local schoolchildren in the Cathedral nave.

From across the Channel, Ballet du Nord brings a multiple bill set to music by Debussy, Gershwin, Mahler & Gounod, with choreography by Balanchine. Others taking part are English Dance Theatre, cellist Robert

Cohen, pianist Malcolm Binns & organists Nicolas Kynaston & David Flood. The Young Vic Company will stage Dario Fo's *Can't pay won't pay* & the Lindley Players present traditional music hall with audience participation. Plus walks around historic Canterbury & in Whitstable & Herne Bay, & writers' workshops in the festival club. Oct 14-28. Box office: 59 Ivy Lane, Canterbury, Kent CT1 1TU (0227 45853).

CHELTENHAM FESTIVAL OF LITERATURE

This year's theme is Tradition & Revolution, embracing a celebration of the festival's own 40th anniversary & an exploration of the literary repercussions of conflict & revolution through the ages, from Homer's *Iliad* to Orwell's *1984* & beyond. Subjects to be discussed include: censorship, conservation, criticism & cricket. Paul Foot will deliver the Cheltenham lecture on Marat: Journalist & Revolutionary. Terry Eagleton talks on The State of Criticism, Doris Lessing on The Idea of Revolution, Jack Klaffon on The Literature of Persuasion & Anthony Hopkins on Words & Music. There will be a reading of *Iranian Nights*, a play by Tariq Ali & Howard Brenton; one-man shows based on the writings of Gerard Manley Hopkins, Oscar Wilde & Dylan Thomas; a one-woman play, *Mrs Beeton*, written & performed by Alison Neil. Heathcote Williams reads from his new book *Sacred Elephant*. Also a poetry competition with a first prize of £1,500. Box office: Town Hall, Imperial Square, Cheltenham, Glos GL50 1QA (0242 523690).

NORFOLK & NORWICH FRENCH FESTIVAL

The French theme, in commemoration of the French Revolution, embraces both the performing & the visual arts & includes a fortnight of French food & wine. French musicians taking part include the young organist from Rouen, Nicolas Pien, whose recitals in St Peter Mancroft & Cromer churches are devoted

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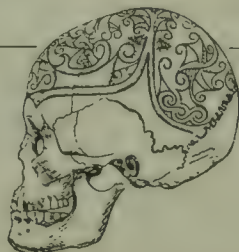
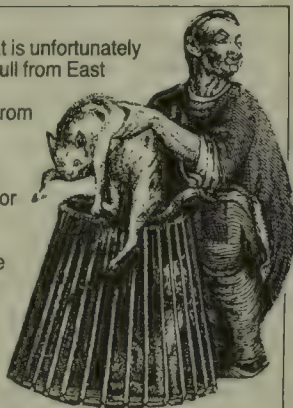
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Rights of Man posters at the Norwich & Norfolk Festival. Sea pictures at Canterbury. Wooden doll, c 1740, on sale at Christie's South Kensington.

to French music, & the Rouen Big Band, a 19-piece group guaranteed to set feet tapping with a programme of American swing. The Duo Ariane—harpist Gwenaëlle Roussely & flautist François Bru—give recitals of French music in Blickling Hall, Diss Corn Hall & Melton Constable Hall.

French music features in the programme of the City of London Sinfonia, conducted by Richard Hickox, with Hakan Hardenberger as the soloist in André Jolivet's Trumpet Concerto. The Taverner Consort, directed by Andrew Parrott, play a 14th-century mass by Machaut & Messiaen's *Messe de la Pentecôte*.

The Actors Touring Company present *The Triumph of Love* by Marivaux; the Norwich Players will stage Beaumarchais's play *The Marriage of Figaro*. From France the Mummerandada company, who combine the theatre of the mummery with the surrealism of Dada, give a series of shows using circus, acrobatics, masks & mime. In a programme entitled *A beastly evening with Marc Frémond*, this talented mime portrays the world through a collection of animals. The jazz festival features music from Britain, France, America & Zimbabwe, & a French film festival spans 50 years of outstanding cinema. Some 10 exhibitions illustrate the influence & vitality of French art. Oct 5-15. Box office: Guildhall, Gaol Hill, Norwich NR2 1NF (0603 618499).

SWANSEA FESTIVAL

Russian music is prominent this year, notably in the orchestral concerts, held in the Brangwyn Hall. The Moscow Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Gennadi Rozhdestvensky, with Victoria Postnikova, piano, play works by Rimsky-Korsakov, Glazunov & Rachmaninov. The Tokyo Philharmonic, under Tadaaki Otaka, play Rachmaninov & Tchaikovsky, with John Lill, piano.

The BBC Welsh Symphony Orchestra play an all-Brahms programme, under James Loughran, & celebrate the 60th birthday of the

Welsh composer Alun Hoddinott with the first performance of his Organ Symphony, with Jane Watts as soloist. An unusual item is the organ & trumpet recital to be given by Irmaud Krüger & Edward Tarr. A three-day jazz festival features Courtney Pine & the Jazz Warriors, Loose Tubes & the Penguin Café Orchestra. In the final week Welsh National Opera give performances of *Lucia di Lammermoor*, *The Bartered Bride* & *Der Freischütz* at the Grand Theatre. Oct 1-28. Box office: City Centre Booking Office, Singleton St, Swansea SA1 3QG (0792 470002).

WEXFORD FESTIVAL OPERA

All three of this year's operas have strong literary associations. *Der Tempel und die Juden*, by Heinrich Marschner, derives from Walter Scott's *Ivanhoe*. Prokofiev's *Betrothal in a Monastery* is based on the libretto Sheridan wrote for Thomas Linley's opera *The Duenna*. Mozart's *Mitridate re di Ponto* is based on a play by the great French dramatist Racine. Each receives five performances, the festival having been extended by an extra six days. By tradition, casts include a number of newcomers, notably from Sweden, the USA, Germany & the Soviet Union. There are afternoon recitals, also late-night revue after the opera, a range of fringe events, among them exhibitions, theatre & fireworks—not forgetting Wexford's unique singing pubs competition. Oct 26-Nov 12. Box office: Theatre Royal, High St, Wexford, Ireland.

WINDSOR FESTIVAL

Provides an opportunity to visit the State Apartments of Windsor Castle as concerts take place in the Waterloo Chamber & St George's Hall. The programme opens with operatic music played by the Orchestra of the Royal Opera House, conducted by Sian Edwards, with soprano Judith Howarth. Colin Davis conducts the English Chamber Orchestra in a Mozart & Stravinsky programme. Organ & harpsichord recitals will be given by Jane Watts & Valda Aveling,

respectively. Choral concerts in St George's Chapel include Mozart's arrangement of Handel's *Messiah*, sung by the Windsor Festival Chorus. There are tours of historic Windsor & Eton College, & the pipes & drums of the 1st Battalion 51st Highland Volunteers beat retreat in the lower ward of the castle. Sept 21-Oct 6. Box office: Dial House, Englefield Green, Surrey TW20 0DU (0784 432618).

OTHER EVENTS

Chelsea Antiques Fair. 40 stalls including furniture, ceramics, jewellery & silver. Sept 12-23. Mon-Fri 11 am-8pm, Sat & Sun 11 am-6pm. Chelsea Old Town Hall, SW3

Goldsmiths' Fair. Britain's leading professional designer-craftsmen exhibit and sell their gold and silver work. Sept 27-Oct 3. Royal Horticultural Society Old Hall, SW1 (606 7010).

Hysteria II. Major comedy event in aid of the Terrence Higgins Trust. Directed by the urbane Stephen Fry, the outstanding line-up includes Rowan Atkinson, French & Saunders, Lenny Henry, Harry Enfield, Ade Edmondson, Ben Elton, John Cleese, Graham Chapman, John Bird, Jonathan Ross, Robbie Coltrane. Sept 18. Sadlers Wells Theatre, Rosebery Ave, EC1 (278 8916).

Kenco-RAC London to Brighton Veteran Car Run. Annual fun-run, leaving Hyde Park at 8am, Nov 5.

The Magic Carpet. A story-telling project for the under-fives, devised by the National Theatre's Education department. Five stories have been adapted from folk-tales from British, Asian & Afro-Caribbean sources. Morning & afternoon performances: Sept 25-Oct 14, Cottesloe, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1 (928 2252); Oct 16-27, Olivier, National Theatre.

Motorfair. London's motor show, with all the latest models. Oct 19-29. Earls Court Exhibition Centre, Warwick Rd, SW5 (385 1200).

Olympia Decorative & Antiques Fair. More than 250 dealers showing

their best under the one roof. Oct 3-8. Olympia 2, W14. Information: 244 6433.

Park Lane Hotel Antiques Fair. Strictly-vetted fine art and antiques. Oct 4-9. Park Lane Hotel, Piccadilly W1. Information: 995 5094.

Pineapple Gala Cabaret. Cabaret in aid of the Stowe Club for Boys, hosted by Harry Carpenter, with guest of honour Angela Rumbold MP. Oct 26. Tickets at £50 each (including three-course dinner & breakfast) available from Studio Three, 58 Battersea High St, SW11. Park Lane Hotel, Piccadilly, W1.

Punch & Judy Festival. Oct 1, 10.30am-5.30pm. Covent Garden Piazza, WC2.

Sale of Fine Toys & Dolls. One English carved wooden doll, c 1740, is expected to fetch around £20,000. Sept 21 (toys 10.30 am, dolls 2.30pm). Christie's South Kensington, 85 Old Brompton Rd, SW7 (581 7611).

Soho International Jazz Festival. Hundreds of jazz musicians playing at 50 venues in the area. Mainstream acts pencilled-in include George Melly, Cleo Laine & Georgie Fame. Sept 28-Oct 8. Information: 437 6437.

Spanish Riding School of Vienna. With the drum horse & mounted trumpeters of the Blues & Royals. Oct 12-19. Mon-Sat 8pm, Sun 3pm. Wembley Arena, Middx (900 1234).

Thamesday. Family day with stalls, fun fair, disco with Radio One's Simon Mayo, fireworks & an appearance from a 75-foot dragon. Sept 9, noon-10pm. Jubilee Gardens & South Bank Centre terraces, SE1 (928 3002).

Zoo evenings. Find out more about the animals by going behind the scenes & meeting the keepers. Clore Open House: meet Nigel the ferret & other small furry creatures, Sept 8. Open Reptile House: find out the truth about snakes, lizards & alligators, Sept 14. Open Elephant House: meet Rosie the hand-reared rhinoceros as well as the elephants, Sept 21. 7-9pm. £7.50, includes wine & cheese refreshments. London Zoo, Regent's Park, NW1 (722 3333).



Cunarder's funnels (far left), an artist's representation used as a menu cover on the QE2, from "Cunard—150 Glorious Years" by John Mazzone-Graham (David & Charles, £20). Left, searchlight practice by an anti-aircraft battalion in London during the early months of the Second World War, one of many pictures from *The Illustrated London News* reproduced in "Marching to War 1933-1939", introduced by Martin Gilbert (Bestseller Publications, £9.95).

BOOK LIST

A selected list of current titles which are or deserve to be on the bestseller list.

HARDBACK NON-FICTION

Macmillan 1957-1986

by Alistair Horne
Macmillan, £18.95

Second volume of the official biography has none of the limitations of the first because its subject at last overcomes his own to reach his personal summit and fulfil his political potential. His years as Prime Minister and subsequent elder statesmanship are brilliantly told.

Osbert

by Richard Boston
Collins, £17.50

Affectionate biography of the man who kept his real self well-hidden while sharply recording the absurdities of his world for more than 40 years in his pocket cartoons on the front page of the *Daily Express*.

The Founder: Cecil Rhodes and the Pursuit of Power

by Robert I. Rotberg with Miles F. Shore

Oxford University Press, £25

Huge (800 pages), meticulously compiled biography of the man who built his power base in southern Africa, leaving there a huge fortune and a reputation tarnished by the absurd Jameson Raid.

Double Feature

by Terence Stamp
Bloomsbury, £14.95

An insider's story of the 1960s—overnight fame without much to build it on, jet-setting to the beautiful places with the beautiful people, an affair with Jean Shrimpton, a retreat into drugs and Albany. It seems a bit unreal, and in some ways it was.

A year in Provence

by Peter Mayle
Hamish Hamilton, £12.95

Very funny account of life in rural France by an Englishman who bought and lived in a farmhouse east of Avignon, which will also serve as a cautionary tale for others thinking of following his escape route and taking to the hills.

HARDBACK FICTION

The Russia House

by John le Carré
Hodder & Stoughton, £12.95

The master of the spy novel in top form in this story of a not-too-successful publisher pushed into the unlikely role of spymaster. Deservedly at the top of the best-seller lists.

The Bridesmaid

by Ruth Rendell
Hutchinson, £11.95

No Inspector Wexford here, but a young man's infatuation with a bridesmaid leads to disaster and death.

Best Short Stories of 1989

edited by Giles Gordon & David Hughes

Heinemann, £12.95

High-quality collection, showing the genre to be in robust health. Includes stories by J.G. Ballard, Edna O'Brien, Howard Jacobson, William Trevor & many others.

Midsummer Killing

by Trevor Barnes
New English Library, £11.95

Excellent crime novel by a new writer follows the discovery of a corpse on Hampstead Heath & the investigation by Chief Inspector Blanche Hampton, a character of whom one can expect and hope to read more.

A History of the World in 10½ Chapters

by Julian Barnes
Jonathan Cape, £11.95

A series of wittily-recounted apparently disconnected events, fact & fiction, gradually become unified into an imaginative *tour de force* which should win the author valuable prizes.

The Negotiator

by Frederick Forsyth
Bantam Press, £12.95

Another fast-moving Forsyth thriller—as wide-ranging in time as it is in location, with an international cast that includes President Gorbachev, Mrs Thatcher & a fictional US President whose son is kidnapped.

PAPERBACK NON-FICTION

An Egyptian Journal

by William Golding
Faber, £4.99

The author of *Lord of the Flies* went in search of Ancient Egypt by way of a motor cruiser on the Nile and came up against the modern Egyptian—with some very funny results.

While Rome Burns

by Alexander Woollcott
Simon & Schuster, £8.95

First published in 1934, this collection of journalism from the *New Yorker* and elsewhere has lasted well and amply illustrates the power of the pen wielded by the model for *The Man Who Came to Dinner*.

The Shorter Strachey

Edited by Michael Holroyd & Paul Levy

The Hogarth Press, £7.95

A selection of the shorter prose of Lytton Strachey and much of his best writing, for concision and precision, as the editors note, were his strengths.

Riding the Iron Rooster

by Paul Theroux
Penguin, £4.99

A train journey across China provides the author with some excellent opportunities for deploying his talent for observing the unusual and vividly recreating it.

Goethe, his Life and Times

by Richard Friedenthal
Weidenfeld, £10.95

First English paperback edition of a comprehensive study of the life and works of the German poet, dramatist and philosopher.

Tiananmen Diary

by Harrison E. Salisbury
Unwin Hyman, £5.99

The author, a *New York Times* reporter for 40 years, arrived in Peking on June 2 and saw, from a hotel room overlooking Tiananmen Square, the massacre of the students. This is his vivid diary of 13 days, with a short but astute interpretation of their meaning.

PAPERBACK FICTION

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